ROY ROGERS
COMICS
FOUR COLOR COMIC
No. 38
10¢
A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

TRIGGER, ROY ROGERS' "HIGH SCHOOL" HORSE IS A GOLDEN PALOMINO OF UNUSUAL INTELLIGENCE AND BEAUTY. HE HAS TRAVELED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY WITH ROY AND REGISTERS AT THE HOTELS. DURING THEIR APPEARANCE AT THE RODEO IN NEW YORK CITY TRIGGER WAS GIVEN A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE MAIN DINING ROOM OF THE HOTEL DIXIE.

TRIGGER'S SADDLE AND TRAPPINGS ARE OF RICH BROWN HAND-TOOLED LEATHER, MOUNTED WITH PURE SILVER. THE OUTFIT IS VALUED AT OVER $1,000.00

THE HAND-SEWN "THUNDER-BIRD" BOOTS OF ROY ROGERS WERE DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR HIM.

ONE OF ROY'S SILVER, BONE-HANDLED, WESTERN REVOLVERS.

THIS IS ONE OF ROY'S COLORFUL, EMBROIDERED SHIRTS.

ROY ROGERS, No. 38—PUBLISHED BY DELL PUBLISHING Co., Inc.

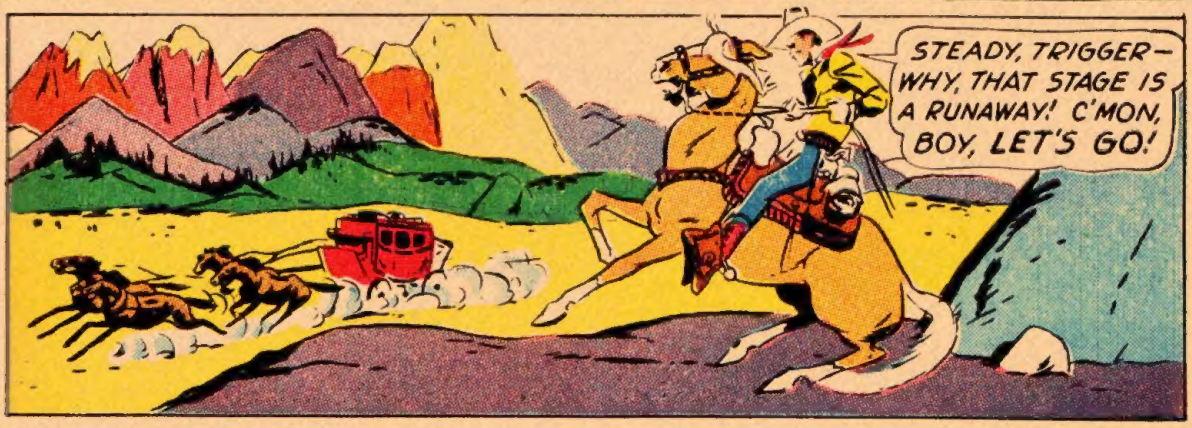
149 Madison Ave., New York, 16, N. Y.

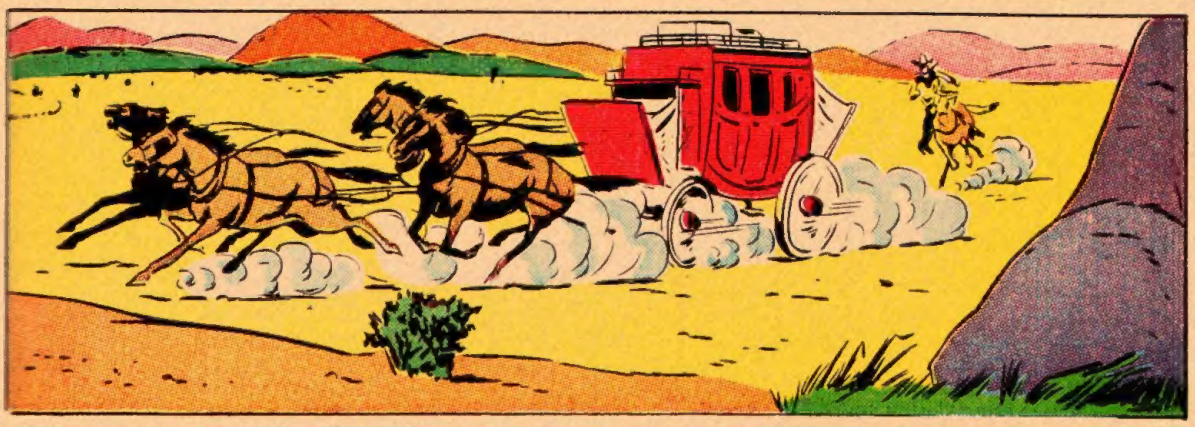
Copyright, 1944, by Roy Rogers. Printed in U. S. A.

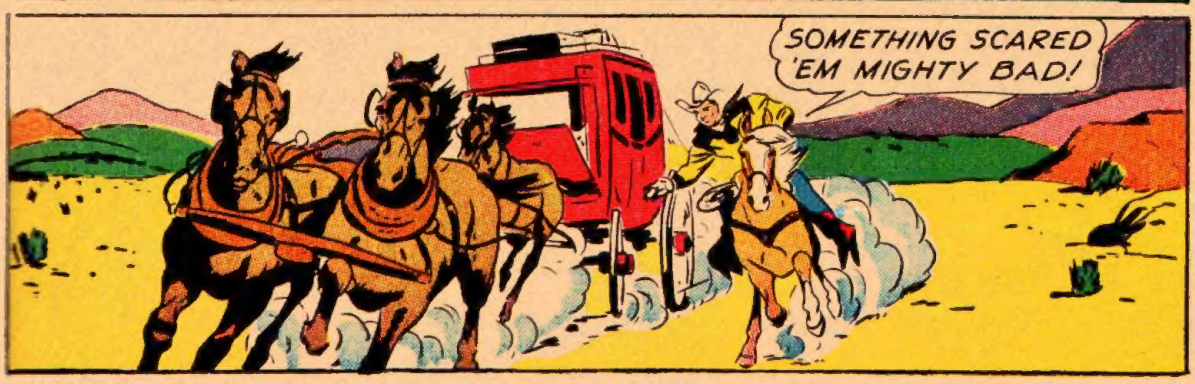
ROY ROGERS

IN BLAZING GUNS

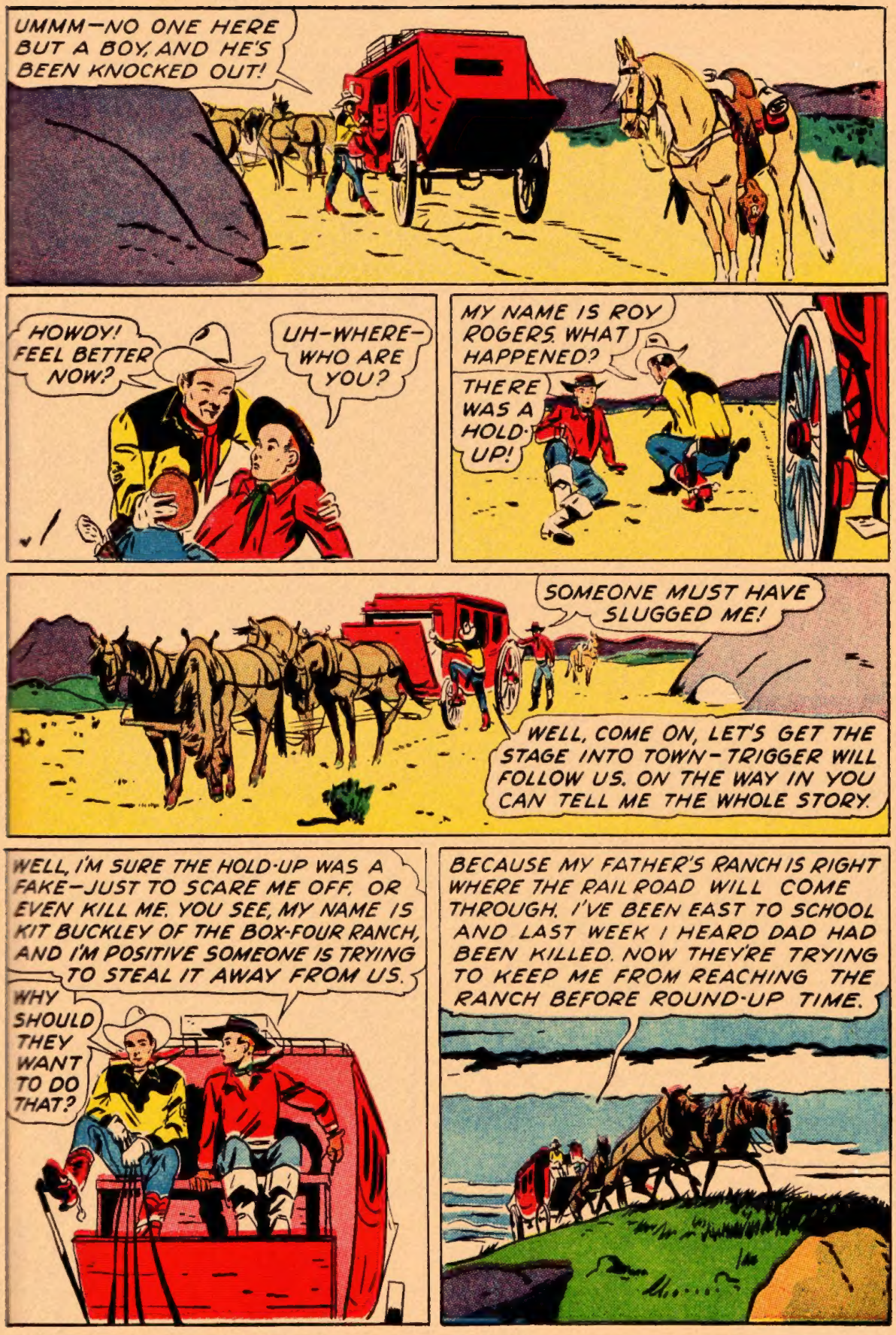
FAR OUT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE, A SOLITARY COWBOY, MOUNTED ON A BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN PALOMINO, PAUSES AS HE HEARS THE WELCOME RUMBLE OF AN APPROACHING STAGE COACH



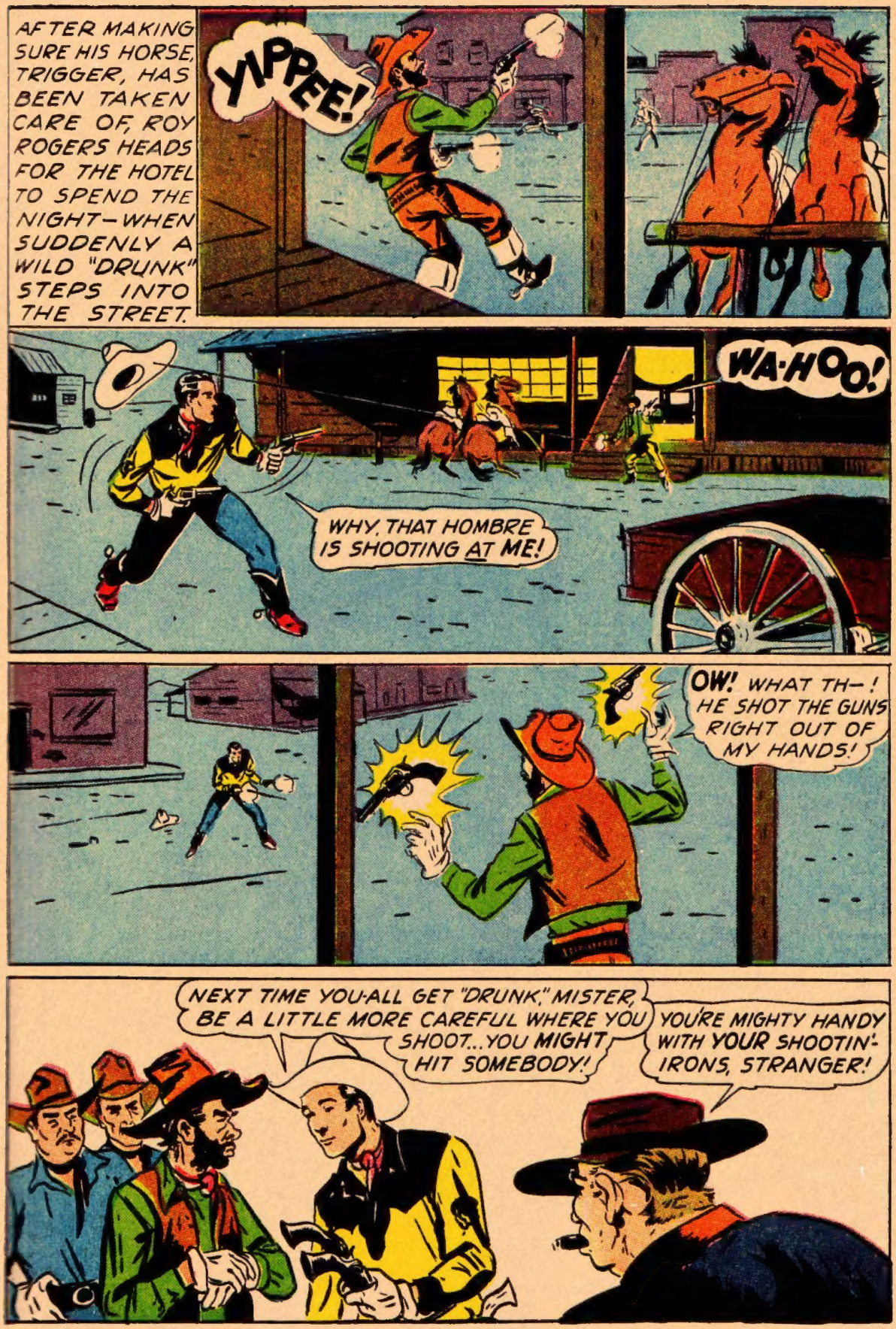




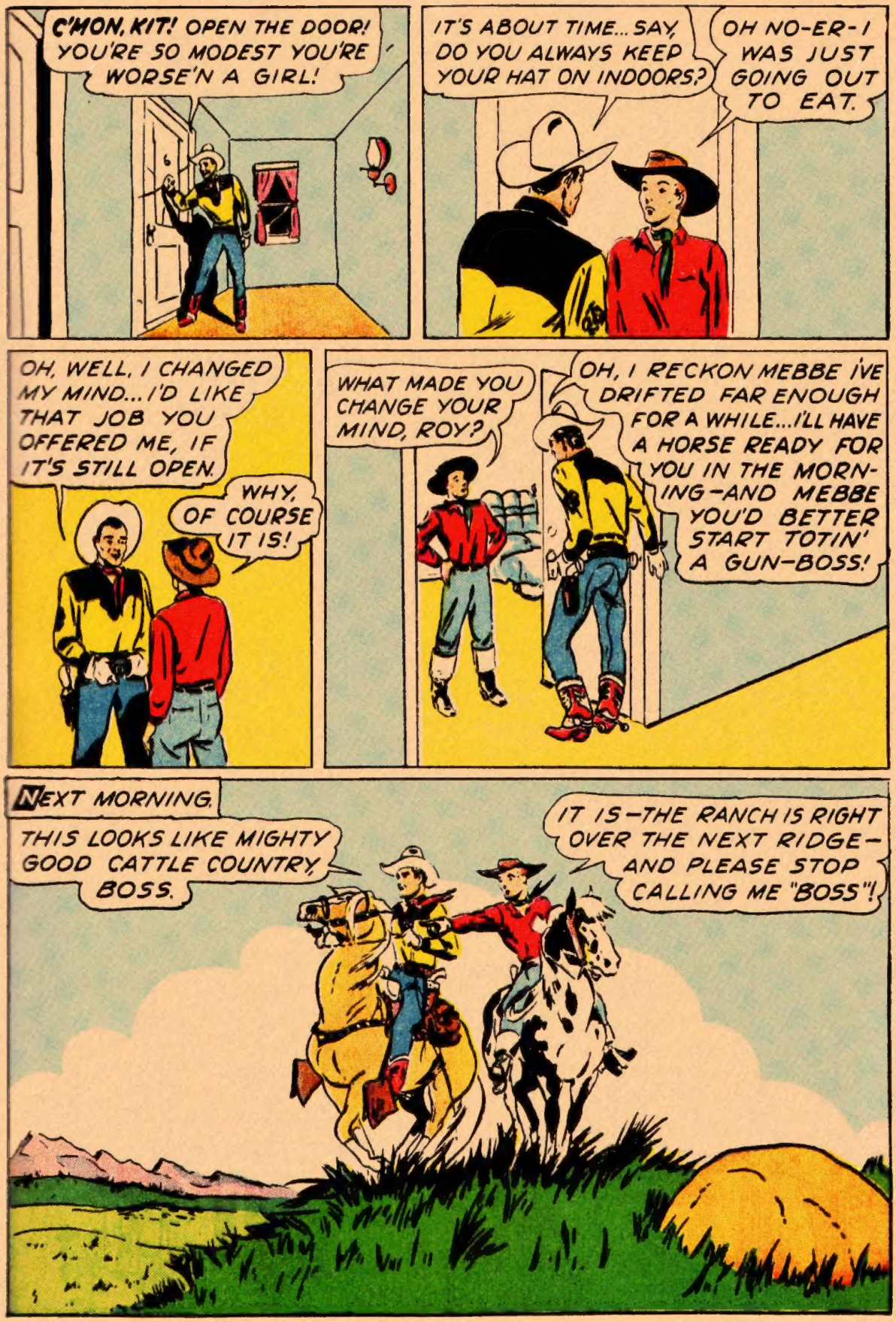
WHOA-UP THERE! STEADY DOWN, YOU CRITTERS—EASY NOW!

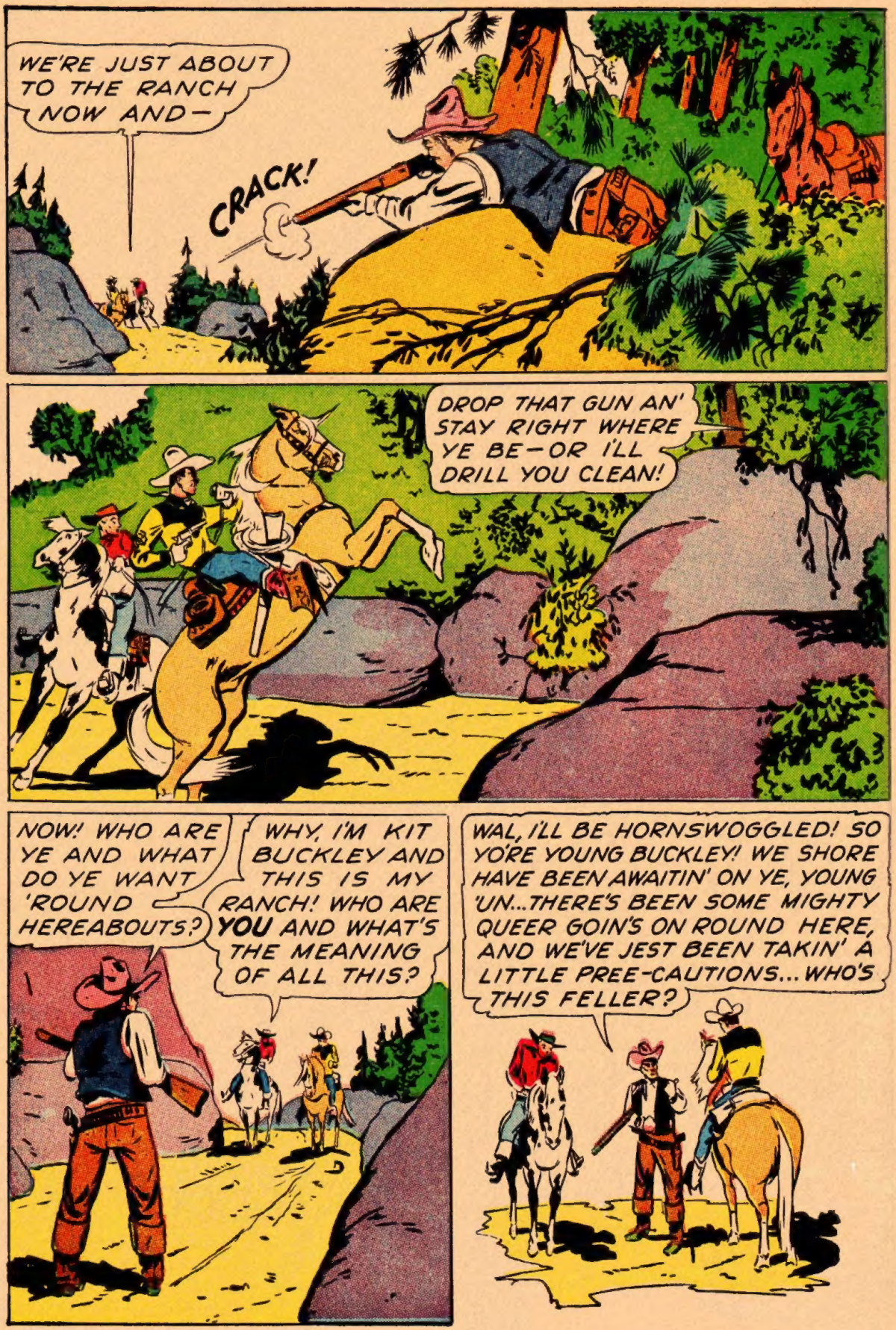

UMMM—NO ONE HERE BUT A BOY, AND HE'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT!
HOWDY! FEEL BETTER NOW?
UH—WHERE—WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME IS ROY ROGERS. WHAT HAPPENED?
THERE WAS A HOLD-UP!
SOMEONE MUST HAVE SLUGGED ME!
WELL, COME ON, LET'S GET THE STAGE INTO TOWN—TRIGGER WILL FOLLOW US. ON THE WAY IN YOU CAN TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY.
WELL, I'M SURE THE HOLD-UP WAS A FAKE—JUST TO SCARE ME OFF, OR EVEN KILL ME. YOU SEE, MY NAME IS KIT BUCKLEY OF THE BOX-FOUR RANCH, AND I'M POSITIVE SOMEONE IS TRYING TO STEAL IT AWAY FROM US.
WHY SHOULD THEY WANT TO DO THAT?
BECAUSE MY FATHER'S RANCH IS RIGHT WHERE THE RAIL ROAD WILL COME THROUGH. I'VE BEEN EAST TO SCHOOL AND LAST WEEK I HEARD DAD HAD BEEN KILLED. NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM REACHING THE RANCH BEFORE ROUND-UP TIME.

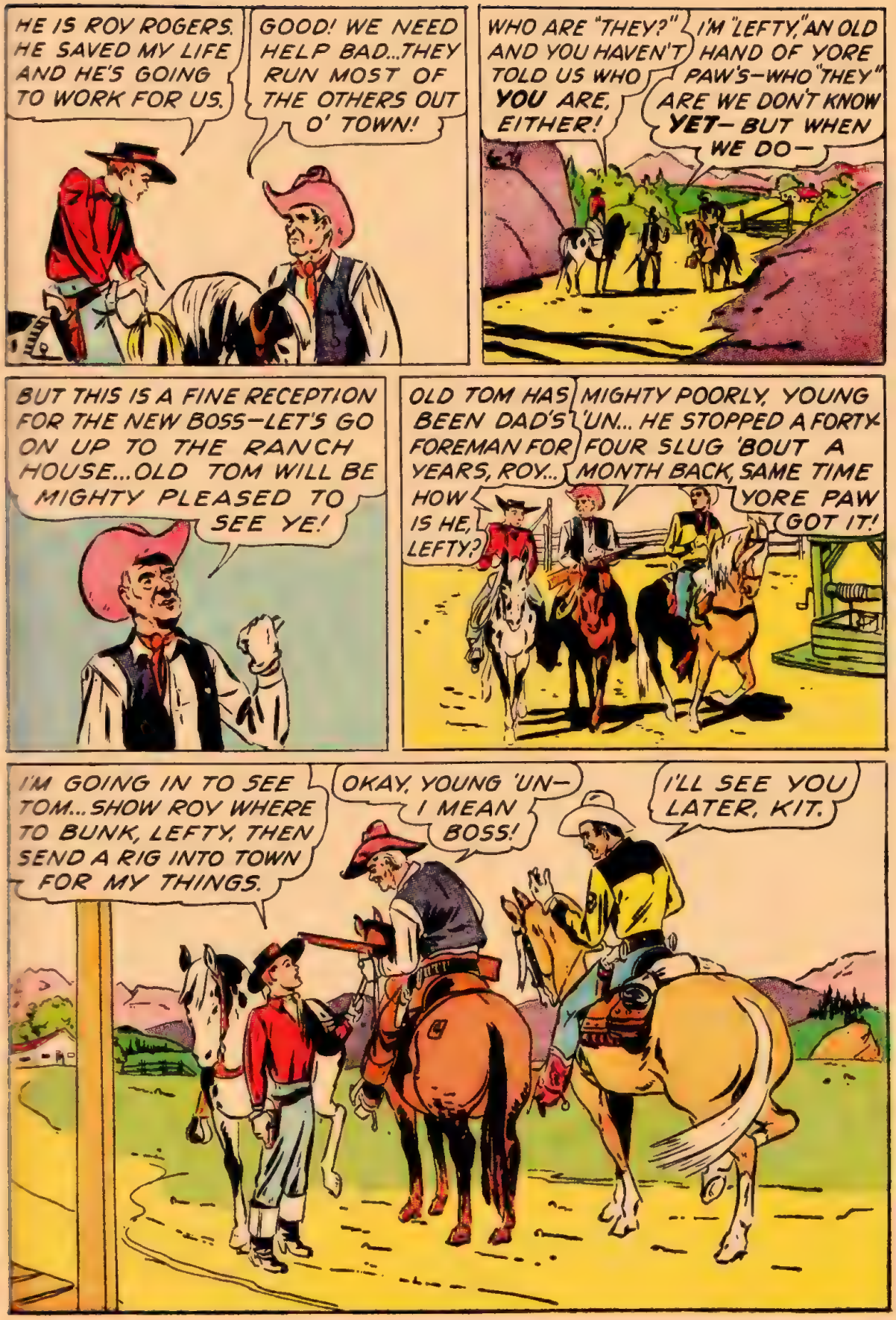
SO I WON'T BE ABLE TO SELL THE CATTLE IN TIME TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE— THEN THE BANK WILL FORECLOSE AND SELL THE RANCH TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER AND THEN I'LL LOSE EVERYTHING!
SOUNDS MIGHTY SERIOUS, YOUNG 'UN... BUT HERE'S THE TOWN NOW.
WILL YOU STAY AND HELP ME FIGHT THEM, ROY?
I RECKON THE SHERIFF WILL GIVE YOU ALL THE HELP YOU NEED, KID. I FIGGER I'LL JUST DRIFT ALONG FIRST THING IN THE MORNING... SO LONG AND GOOD LUCK.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU GOT RID OF THAT KID!
BUT BOSS, I—
BETTER THROW A GOOD SCARE INTO THAT COWBOY, JUST SO HE DOESN'T FIGGER ON WORKIN' FOR YOUNG BUCKLEY.
LIVERY
WELL, TRIGGER, YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?
I FIGGER THAT YOUNG 'UN IS JUST IMAGINING ALL THAT STORY...


AFTER MAKING SURE HIS HORSE, TRIGGER, HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, ROY ROGERS HEADS FOR THE HOTEL TO SPEND THE NIGHT—WHEN SUDDENLY A WILD "DRUNK" STEPS INTO THE STREET.
YIPPEE!
WA-HOO!
WHY, THAT HOMBRE IS SHOOTING AT ME!
OW! WHAT TH—! HE SHOT THE GUNS RIGHT OUT OF MY HANDS!
NEXT TIME YOU-ALL GET "DRUNK," MISTER, BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL WHERE YOU SHOOT...YOU MIGHT HIT SOMEBODY!
YOU'RE MIGHTY HANDY WITH YOUR SHOOTIN'-IRONS, STRANGER!

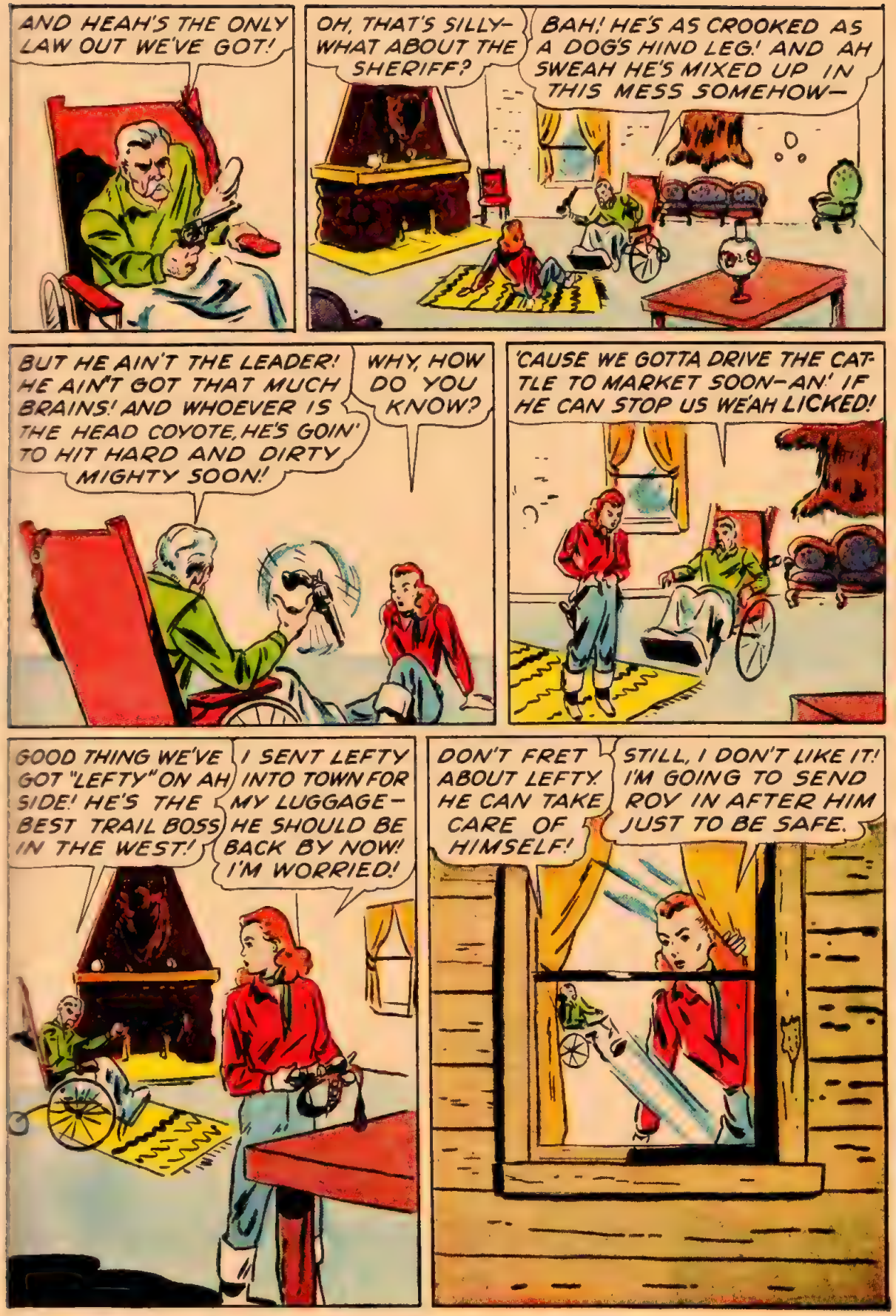
I AM WHEN I HAVE TO BE! WHY—WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE SHERIFF!
AND WE DON'T LIKE FAST SHOOTIN' SADDLE BUMS 'ROUND HERE... SO MEBBE YOU'D BETTER SADDLE UP AND RIDE, SAVVY?
WAL, SHERIFF, THAT KINDA TALK ISN'T PUTTING ANY FROST ON MY BOOTS...AND BESIDES, I RECKON I'M GOING TO LIKE IT HEREABOUTS.
THAT HOMBRE DON'T SCARE EASY—BUT WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM WHEN THE TIME COMES, AND NO ONE WILL SUSPECT A THING—NOW GET BACK TO THE RANCH TILL WE GET FURTHER ORDERS.
CARSON'S BLUFF HOTEL
YOU-ALL GOT A KIT BUCKLEY REGISTERED HERE?
WHY, YES—HE'S IN ROOM SIX, UPSTAIRS.
HEY, KIT! OPEN UP! IT'S ME, ROY ROGERS!
WHO? OH-ER—JUST A MINUTE!


C'MON, KIT! OPEN THE DOOR! YOU'RE SO MODEST YOU'RE WORSE'N A GIRL!
IT'S ABOUT TIME... SAY, DO YOU ALWAYS KEEP YOUR HAT ON INDOORS?
OH NO-ER-I WAS JUST GOING OUT TO EAT.
OH, WELL, I CHANGED MY MIND... I'D LIKE THAT JOB YOU OFFERED ME, IF IT'S STILL OPEN.
WHY, OF COURSE IT IS!
WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, ROY?
OH, I RECKON MEBBE I'VE DRIFTED FAR ENOUGH FOR A WHILE... I'LL HAVE A HORSE READY FOR YOU IN THE MORNING-AND MEBBE YOU'D BETTER START TOTIN' A GUN-BOSS!
NEXT MORNING.
THIS LOOKS LIKE MIGHTY GOOD CATTLE COUNTRY, BOSS.
IT IS-THE RANCH IS RIGHT OVER THE NEXT RIDGE-AND PLEASE STOP CALLING ME "BOSS"!

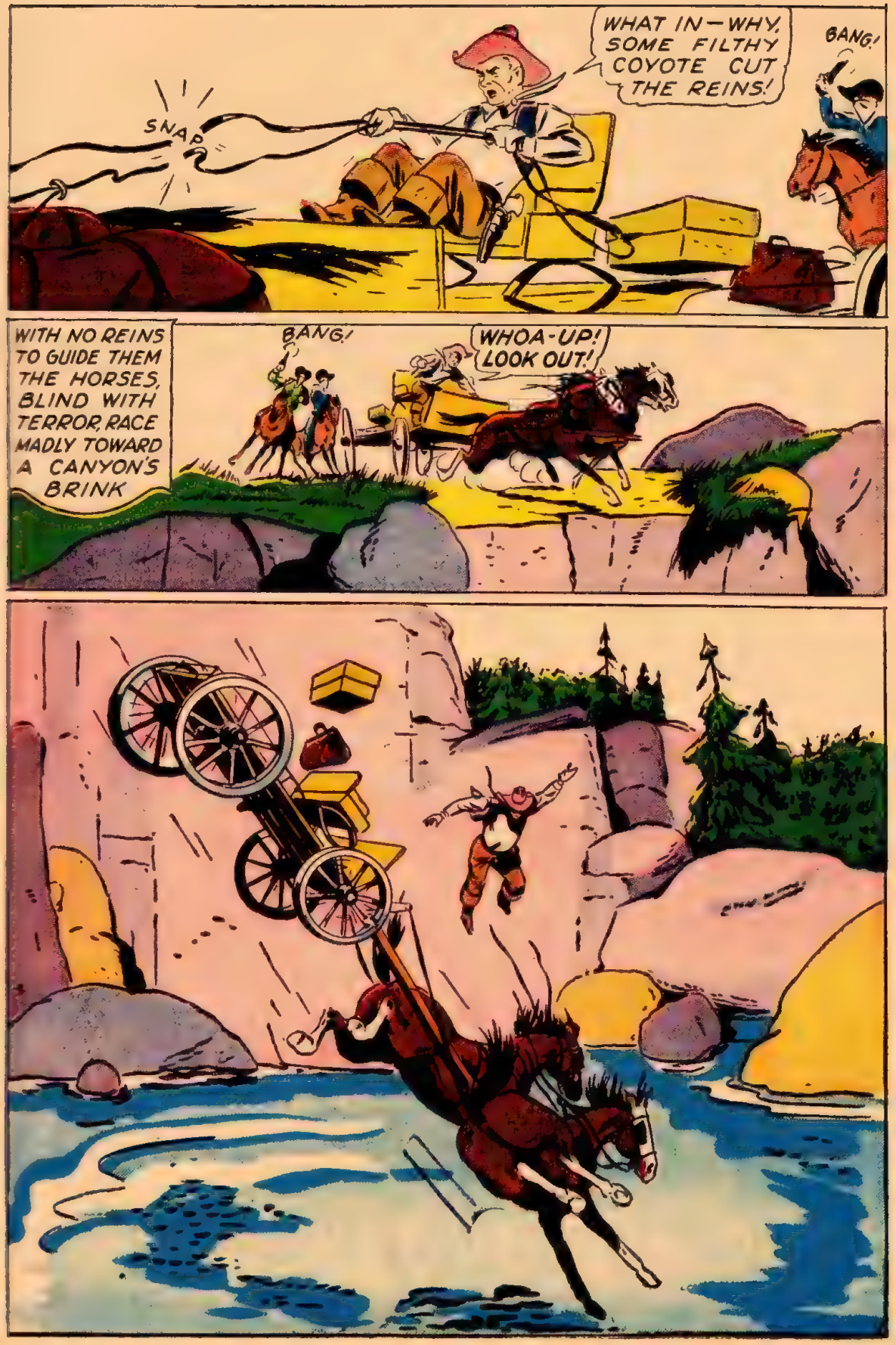

WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO THE RANCH NOW AND—
CRACK!
DROP THAT GUN AN' STAY RIGHT WHERE YE BE—OR I'LL DRILL YOU CLEAN!
NOW! WHO ARE YE AND WHAT DO YE WANT 'ROUND HEREABOUTS?
WHY, I'M KIT BUCKLEY AND THIS IS MY RANCH! WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?
WAL, I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED! SO YO'RE YOUNG BUCKLEY! WE SHORE HAVE BEEN AWAITIN' ON YE, YOUNG 'UN...THERE'S BEEN SOME MIGHTY QUEER GOIN'S ON ROUND HERE, AND WE'VE JEST BEEN TAKIN' A LITTLE PREE-CAUTIONS... WHO'S THIS FELLER?


HE IS ROY ROGERS. HE SAVED MY LIFE AND HE'S GOING TO WORK FOR US.
GOOD! WE NEED HELP BAD...THEY RUN MOST OF THE OTHERS OUT O' TOWN!
WHO ARE "THEY?" AND YOU HAVEN'T TOLD US WHO YOU ARE, EITHER!
I'M "LEFTY," AN OLD HAND OF YORE PAW'S—WHO "THEY" ARE WE DON'T KNOW YET—BUT WHEN WE DO—
BUT THIS IS A FINE RECEPTION FOR THE NEW BOSS—LET'S GO ON UP TO THE RANCH HOUSE...OLD TOM WILL BE MIGHTY PLEASED TO SEE YE!
OLD TOM HAS BEEN DAD'S FOREMAN FOR YEARS, ROY... HOW IS HE, LEFTY?
MIGHTY POORLY, YOUNG 'UN... HE STOPPED A FORTY-FOUR SLUG 'BOUT A MONTH BACK, SAME TIME YORE PAW GOT IT!
I'M GOING IN TO SEE TOM...SHOW ROY WHERE TO BUNK, LEFTY, THEN SEND A RIG INTO TOWN FOR MY THINGS.
OKAY, YOUNG 'UN—I MEAN BOSS!
I'LL SEE YOU LATER, KIT.

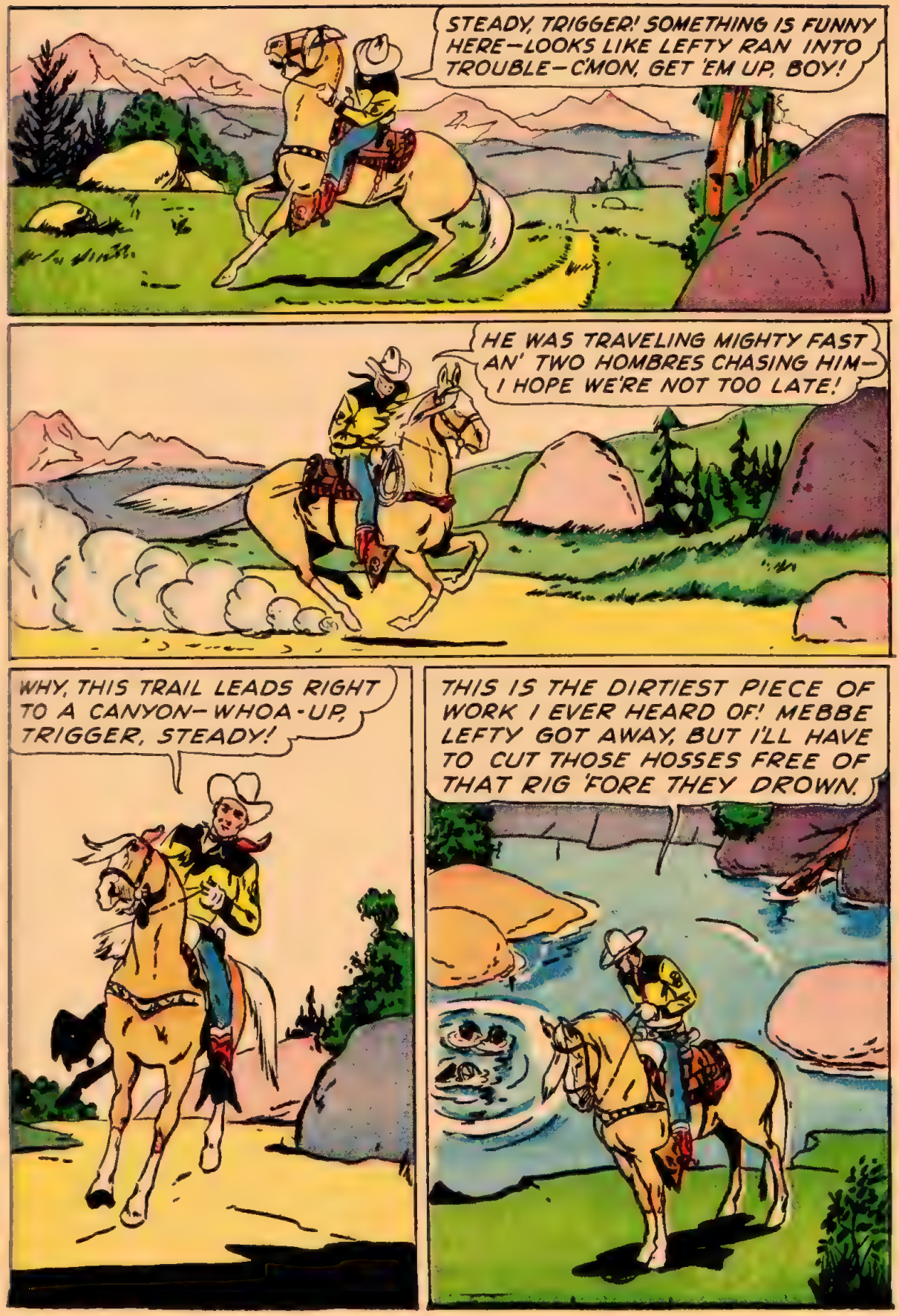
TOM!
KIT BUCKLEY, CONSARN YO' HIDE, GET IN HEAH!
WHAT IN TARNATION YO' TRAIPSIN' 'ROUND THE COUNTRY IN THAT GET-UP FO'? YORE PAW SENT YO' EAST TO BECOME A LADY AN' YO' AIN'T LUNNED A THING!
YO' STILL WEARIN' BOY'S CLOTHES AN' PACKIN' A GUN! AH DEECLARE, KIT—!
OH, BE STILL, YOU OLD FAKER!
I'VE GOT A MAN'S JOB TO DO, SO I'VE GOT TO LOOK THE PART... BESIDES, WHAT CHANCE WOULD WE HAVE IF OUR ENEMIES KNEW A GIRL WAS RUNNING THIS OUTFIT?
YO'RE RIGHT, KIT, BUT OUAH CHANCES AH MIGHTY SLIM ANYHOW, MIGHTY SLIM! BUT BY THUNDER, WE'LL GIVE 'EM A FIGHT!
WHOEVER IT IS THAT'S AFTER THIS RANCH AIN'T STOPPIN' AT ANYTHING TO GIT IT! THEY'VE SCARED OFF MOST OF THE HELP, THEY CRIPPLED ME, AN' THE DIRTY VARMINTS KILLED YORE PAW! AN' IF YO' AIN'T CAREFUL THEY'LL GIT YO' TOO!


AND HEAH'S THE ONLY LAW OUT WE'VE GOT!
OH, THAT'S SILLY— WHAT ABOUT THE SHERIFF?
BAH! HE'S AS CROOKED AS A DOG'S HIND LEG! AND AH SWEAH HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS MESS SOMEHOW—
BUT HE AIN'T THE LEADER! HE AIN'T GOT THAT MUCH BRAINS! AND WHOEVER IS THE HEAD COYOTE, HE'S GOIN' TO HIT HARD AND DIRTY MIGHTY SOON!
WHY, HOW DO YOU KNOW?
'CAUSE WE GOTTA DRIVE THE CATTLE TO MARKET SOON—AN' IF HE CAN STOP US WE'AH LICKED!
GOOD THING WE'VE GOT "LEFTY" ON AH SIDE! HE'S THE BEST TRAIL BOSS IN THE WEST!
I SENT LEFTY INTO TOWN FOR MY LUGGAGE— HE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW! I'M WORRIED!
DON'T FRET ABOUT LEFTY. HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!
STILL, I DON'T LIKE IT! I'M GOING TO SEND ROY IN AFTER HIM JUST TO BE SAFE.

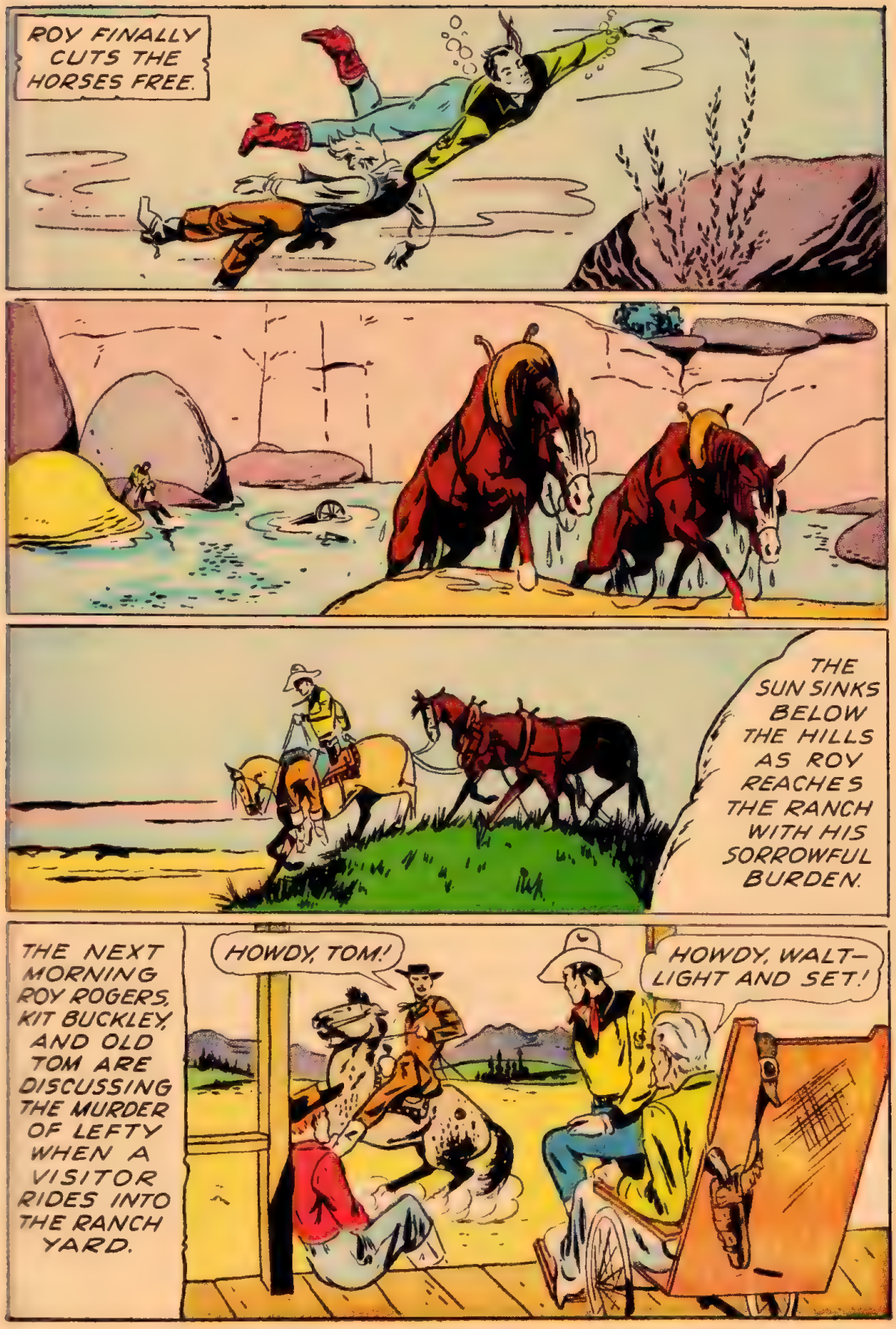
MEANWHILE "LEFTY" WITH KIT'S LUGGAGE STARTS FOR THE RANCH.
DID YOU CUT THE REINS?
JUST ENOUGH—THEY'LL BREAK AS SOON AS THERE'S ANY PRESSURE ON 'EM!
LATER, IN A LONELY SPOT OUTSIDE OF TOWN
THERE HE IS NOW! C'MON, LET'S GO!
HEY! WHAT—!
BANG! BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
WHY, THOSE @★!?!! VARMINTS! WHOA-UP— STEADY-WHOA!
BANG! BANG! BANG!

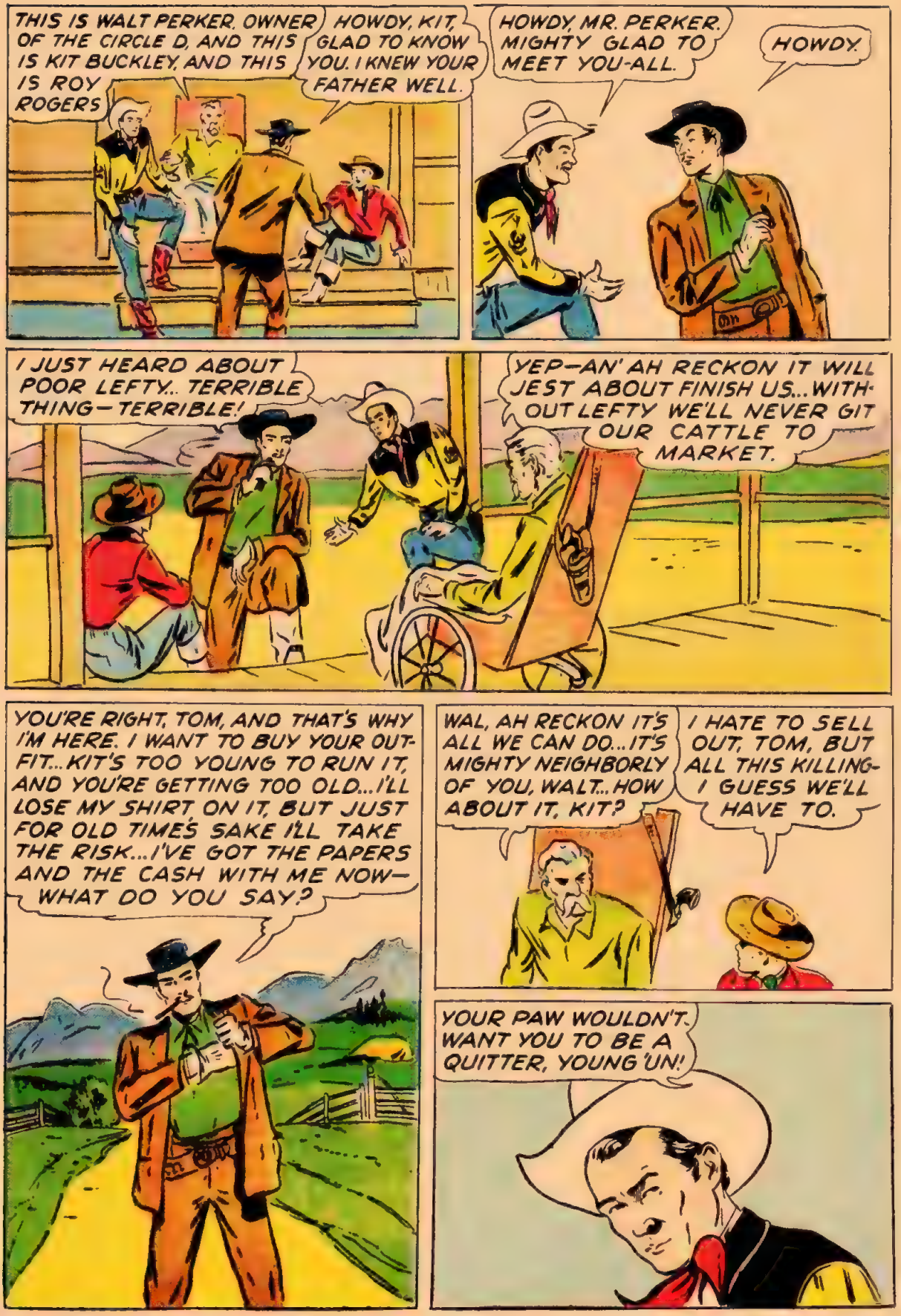

SNAP
WHAT IN—WHY, SOME FILTHY COYOTE CUT THE REINS!
BANG!
WITH NO REINS TO GUIDE THEM THE HORSES, BLIND WITH TERROR, RACE MADLY TOWARD A CANYON'S BRINK
BANG!
WHOA-UP! LOOK OUT!

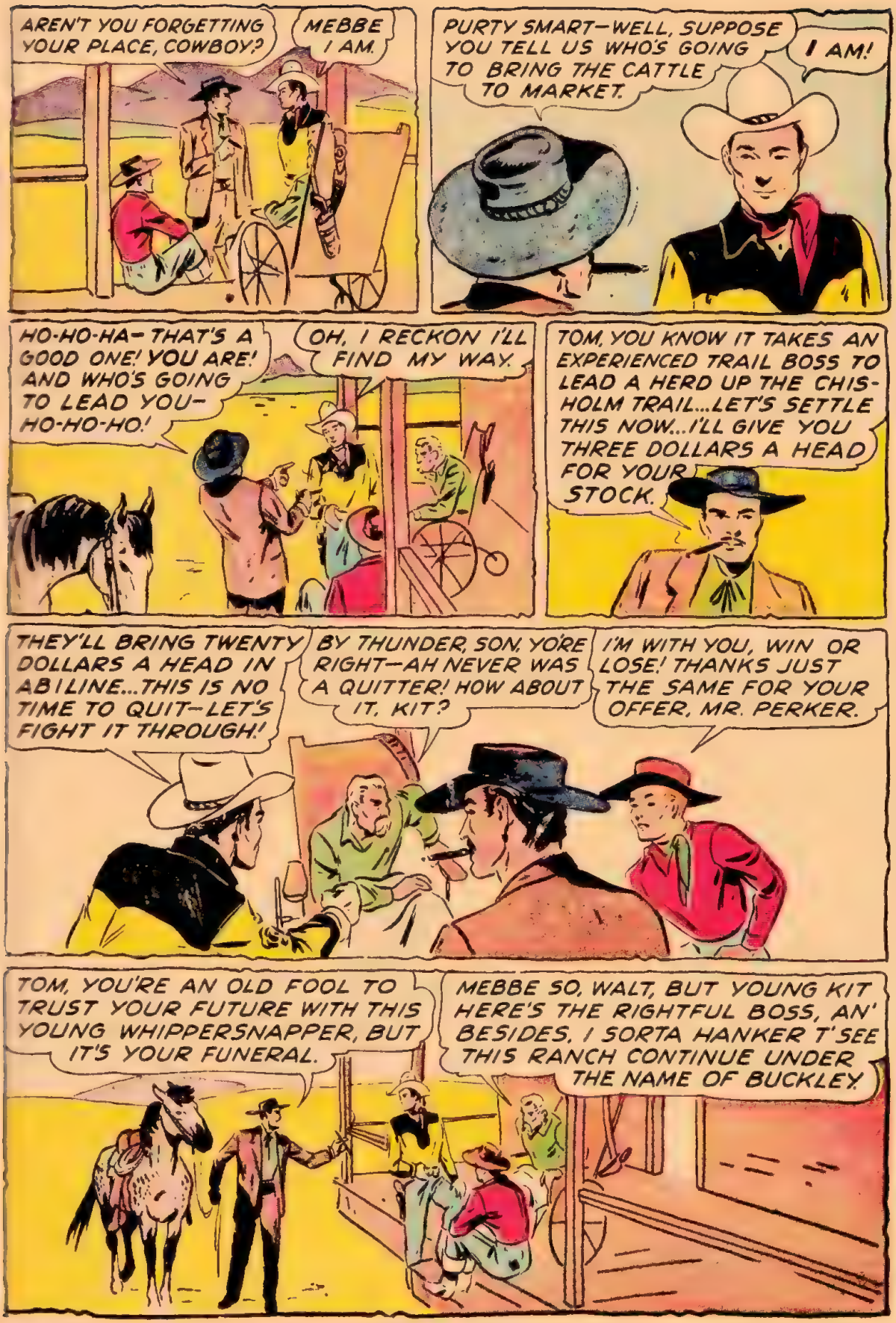
I RECKON THAT TAKES CARE OF LEFTY!
I RECKON SO!
C'MON, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE PRONTO!
LOOK! HERE COMES THAT ROY ROGERS! HE'S TRACKIN' LEFTY'S TRAIL!
QUICK! INTO THE WOODS BEFORE HE SPOTS US!

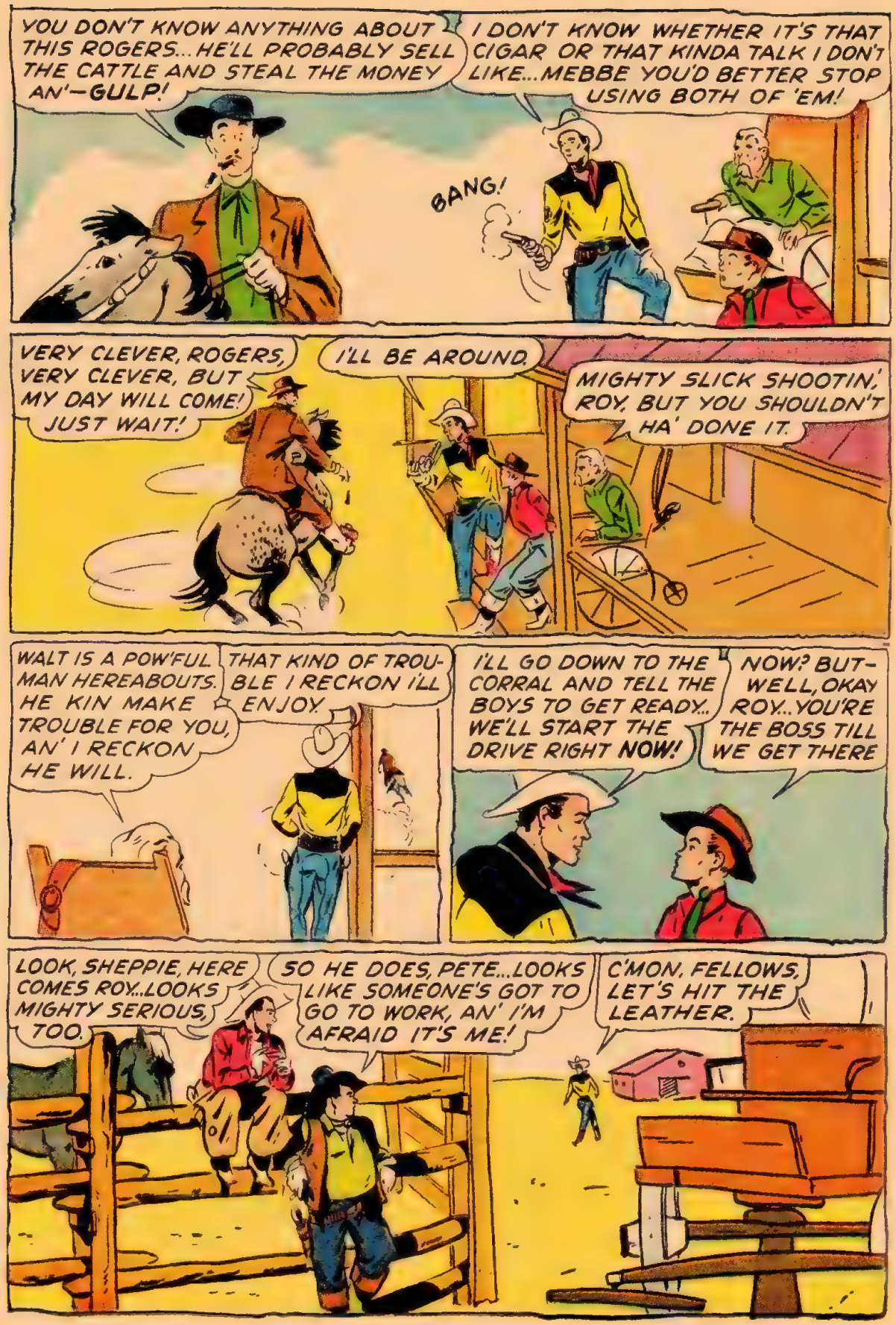

STEADY, TRIGGER! SOMETHING IS FUNNY HERE—LOOKS LIKE LEFTY RAN INTO TROUBLE—C'MON, GET 'EM UP, BOY!
HE WAS TRAVELING MIGHTY FAST AN' TWO HOMBRES CHASING HIM—I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
WHY, THIS TRAIL LEADS RIGHT TO A CANYON—WHOA-UP, TRIGGER, STEADY!
THIS IS THE DIRTIEST PIECE OF WORK I EVER HEARD OF! MEBBE LEFTY GOT AWAY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO CUT THOSE HOSSES FREE OF THAT RIG 'FORE THEY DROWN.

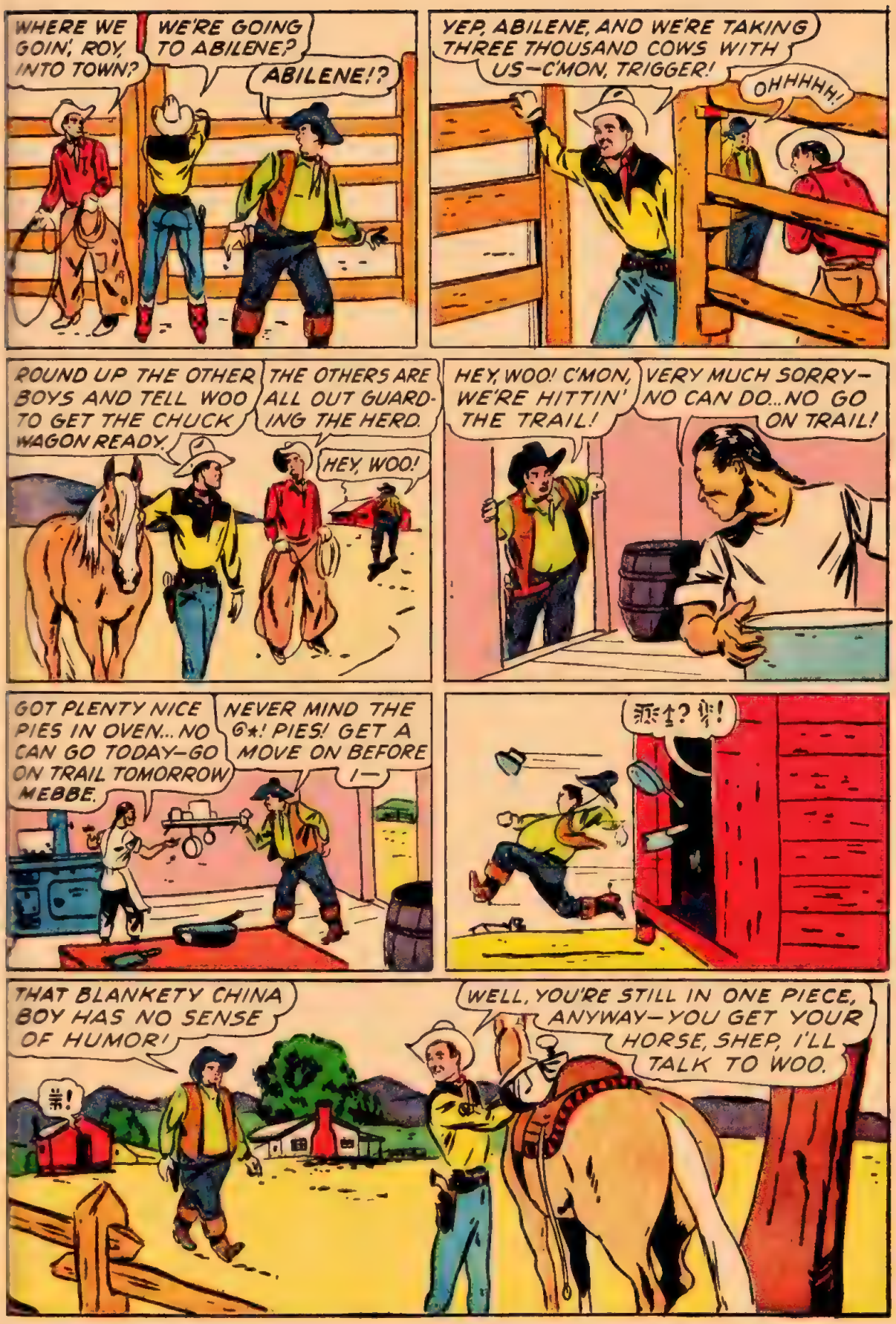
OH! POOR LEFTY—THE WAGON FELL ON TOP OF HIM!


ROY FINALLY CUTS THE HORSES FREE.
THE SUN SINKS BELOW THE HILLS AS ROY REACHES THE RANCH WITH HIS SORROWFUL BURDEN.
THE NEXT MORNING ROY ROGERS, KIT BUCKLEY, AND OLD TOM ARE DISCUSSING THE MURDER OF LEFTY WHEN A VISITOR RIDES INTO THE RANCH YARD.
HOWDY, TOM!
HOWDY, WALT— LIGHT AND SET!


THIS IS WALT PERKER, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE D, AND THIS IS KIT BUCKLEY, AND THIS IS ROY ROGERS
HOWDY, KIT, GLAD TO KNOW YOU. I KNEW YOUR FATHER WELL.
HOWDY, MR. PERKER. MIGHTY GLAD TO MEET YOU-ALL.
HOWDY.
I JUST HEARD ABOUT POOR LEFTY.. TERRIBLE THING—TERRIBLE!
YEP—AN' AH RECKON IT WILL JEST ABOUT FINISH US...WITHOUT LEFTY WE'LL NEVER GIT OUR CATTLE TO MARKET.
YOU'RE RIGHT, TOM, AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. I WANT TO BUY YOUR OUTFIT...KIT'S TOO YOUNG TO RUN IT, AND YOU'RE GETTING TOO OLD...I'LL LOSE MY SHIRT ON IT, BUT JUST FOR OLD TIMES SAKE I'LL TAKE THE RISK...I'VE GOT THE PAPERS AND THE CASH WITH ME NOW—WHAT DO YOU SAY?
WAL, AH RECKON IT'S ALL WE CAN DO...IT'S MIGHTY NEIGHBORLY OF YOU, WALT...HOW ABOUT IT, KIT?
I HATE TO SELL OUT, TOM, BUT ALL THIS KILLING-I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO.
YOUR PAW WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BE A QUITTER, YOUNG 'UN!

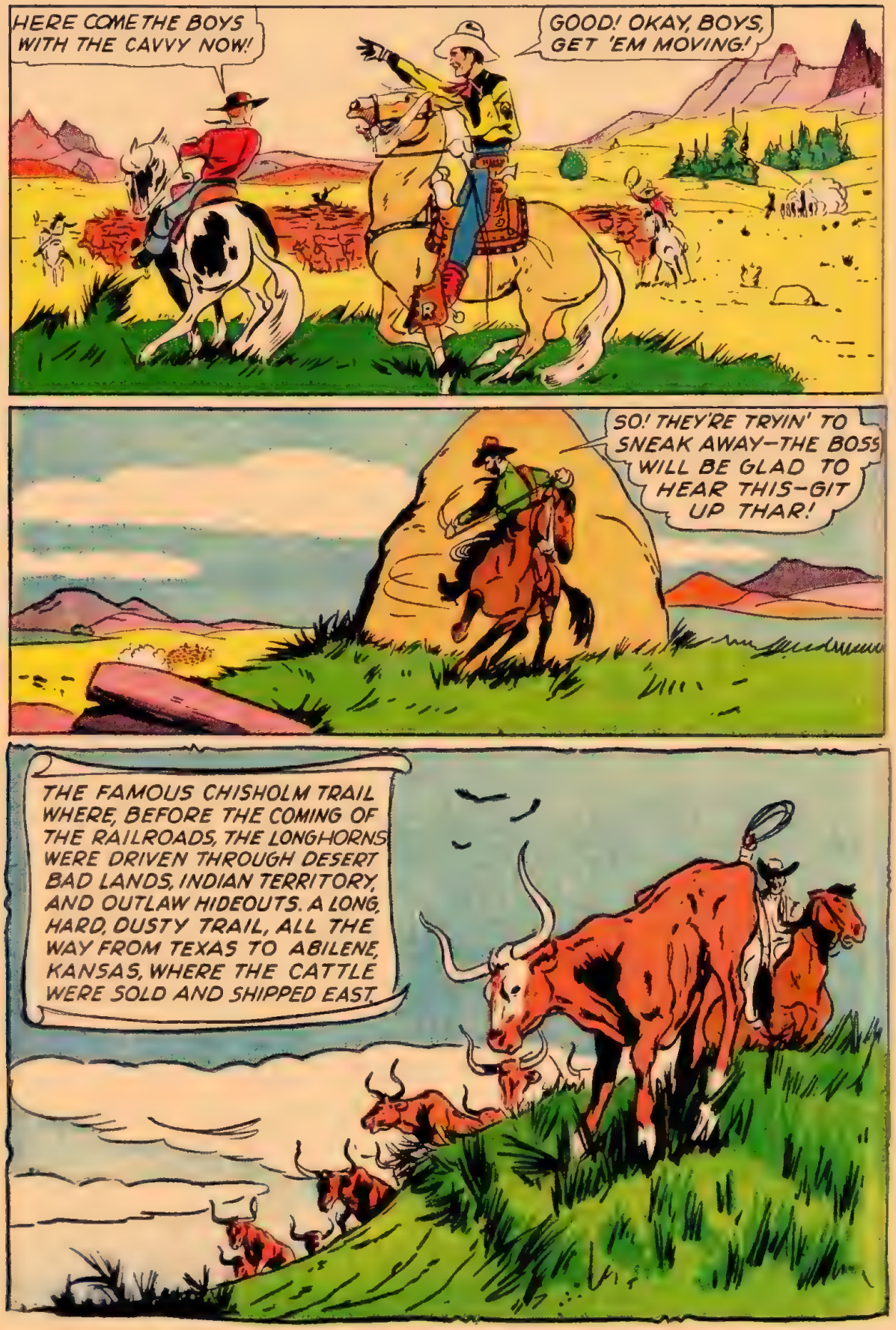

AREN'T YOU FORGETTING YOUR PLACE, COWBOY?
MEBBE I AM.
PURTY SMART—WELL, SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHO'S GOING TO BRING THE CATTLE TO MARKET.
I AM!
HO-HO-HA—THAT'S A GOOD ONE! YOU ARE! AND WHO'S GOING TO LEAD YOU—HO-HO-HO!
OH, I RECKON I'LL FIND MY WAY.
TOM, YOU KNOW IT TAKES AN EXPERIENCED TRAIL BOSS TO LEAD A HERD UP THE CHISHOLM TRAIL...LET'S SETTLE THIS NOW...I'LL GIVE YOU THREE DOLLARS A HEAD FOR YOUR STOCK.
THEY'LL BRING TWENTY DOLLARS A HEAD IN ABILINE...THIS IS NO TIME TO QUIT—LET'S FIGHT IT THROUGH!
BY THUNDER, SON, YO'RE RIGHT—AH NEVER WAS A QUITTER! HOW ABOUT IT, KIT?
I'M WITH YOU, WIN OR LOSE! THANKS JUST THE SAME FOR YOUR OFFER, MR. PERKER.
TOM, YOU'RE AN OLD FOOL TO TRUST YOUR FUTURE WITH THIS YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER, BUT IT'S YOUR FUNERAL.
MEBBE SO, WALT, BUT YOUNG KIT HERE'S THE RIGHTFUL BOSS, AN' BESIDES, I SORTA HANKER T' SEE THIS RANCH CONTINUE UNDER THE NAME OF BUCKLEY.


YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS ROGERS... HE'LL PROBABLY SELL THE CATTLE AND STEAL THE MONEY AN'—GULP!
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT'S THAT CIGAR OR THAT KINDA TALK I DON'T LIKE... MEBBE YOU'D BETTER STOP USING BOTH OF 'EM!
BANG!
VERY CLEVER, ROGERS, VERY CLEVER, BUT MY DAY WILL COME! JUST WAIT!
I'LL BE AROUND.
MIGHTY SLICK SHOOTIN', ROY, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HA' DONE IT.
WALT IS A POW'FUL MAN HEREABOUTS. HE KIN MAKE TROUBLE FOR YOU, AN' I RECKON HE WILL.
THAT KIND OF TROUBLE I RECKON I'LL ENJOY.
I'LL GO DOWN TO THE CORRAL AND TELL THE BOYS TO GET READY... WE'LL START THE DRIVE RIGHT NOW!
NOW? BUT—WELL, OKAY ROY... YOU'RE THE BOSS TILL WE GET THERE
LOOK, SHEPPIE, HERE COMES ROY... LOOKS MIGHTY SERIOUS, TOO.
SO HE DOES, PETE... LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S GOT TO GO TO WORK, AN' I'M AFRAID IT'S ME!
C'MON, FELLOWS, LET'S HIT THE LEATHER.

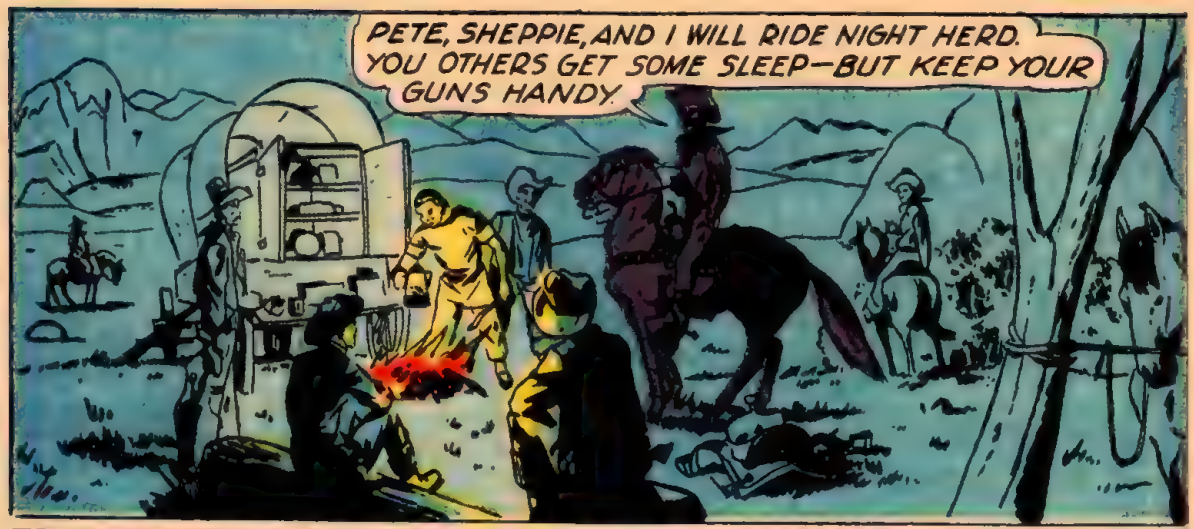

WHERE WE GOIN', ROY, INTO TOWN?
WE'RE GOING TO ABILENE?
ABILENE!?
YEP, ABILENE, AND WE'RE TAKING THREE THOUSAND COWS WITH US—C'MON, TRIGGER!
OHHHHH!
ROUND UP THE OTHER BOYS AND TELL WOO TO GET THE CHUCK WAGON READY.
THE OTHERS ARE ALL OUT GUARDING THE HERD.
HEY, WOO!
HEY, WOO! C'MON, WE'RE HITTIN' THE TRAIL!
VERY MUCH SORRY—NO CAN DO..NO GO ON TRAIL!
GOT PLENTY NICE PIES IN OVEN.. NO CAN GO TODAY—GO ON TRAIL TOMORROW MEBBE.
NEVER MIND THE G*! PIES! GET A MOVE ON BEFORE I—
THAT BLANKETY CHINA BOY HAS NO SENSE OF HUMOR!
WELL, YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE, ANYWAY—YOU GET YOUR HORSE, SHEP, I'LL TALK TO WOO.

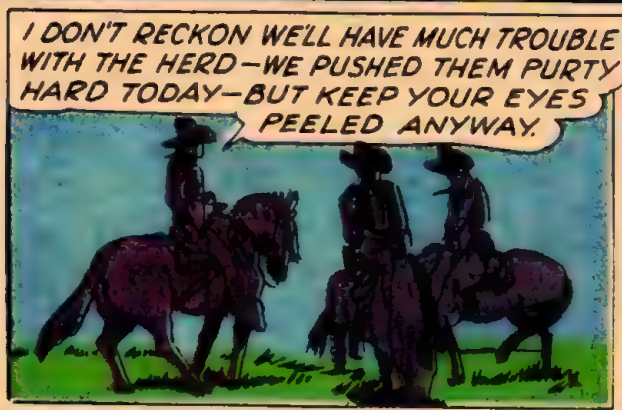
GOIN' TO ABILENE WITH THREE THOUSAND COWS, A NEW TRAIL BOSS, A KID FER THE OWNER, AN' TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS! I DON'T LIKE IT NO HOW!
WHY SHEPPIE! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' FROST ON YOUR BOOTS, ARE YOU?
NO! I AIN'T SCAIRT OF A @★!! THING – I JUST THINK MY WIFE'S TOO YOUNG TO BE A WIDOW!
HERE COMES ROY AND KIT NOW. THEY SHORE DON'T WASTE TIME!
PETE, YOU AND SHEPPIE BRING UP THE OTHER HOSSES. KIT AND I WILL MEET YOU AT THE CAMP.
YOU KNOW, PETE, I GOTTA FEELIN' THIS TRIP AIN'T GONNA BE SLOW OR DULL!
IT WON'T BE ANYTHING IF WE DON'T GET STARTED – C'MON!

GIT UP THERE, YOU CRITTERS!
HO! YIP-YIP! GIT ALONG!
C'MON, WOO, GIT THAT CHUCK WAGON MOVIN'! I WANT TO EAT TONIGHT!
SOME DAY I'M GONNA LEARN CHINESE LINGO, JUST TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT GUY KEEPS CALLIN' ME, AND IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS I'LL—
YEAH? WELL, NEVER MIND NOW, THERE'S THE CAMP.


HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE CAVVY NOW!
GOOD! OKAY, BOYS, GET 'EM MOVING!
SO! THEY'RE TRYIN' TO SNEAK AWAY—THE BOSS WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THIS—GIT UP THAR!
THE FAMOUS CHISHOLM TRAIL WHERE, BEFORE THE COMING OF THE RAILROADS, THE LONGHORNS WERE DRIVEN THROUGH DESERT BAD LANDS, INDIAN TERRITORY, AND OUTLAW HIDEOUTS. A LONG, HARD, DUSTY TRAIL, ALL THE WAY FROM TEXAS TO ABILENE, KANSAS, WHERE THE CATTLE WERE SOLD AND SHIPPED EAST.

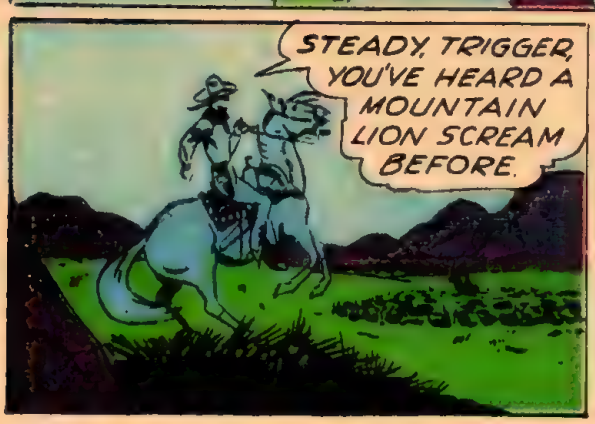
HEY, BOSS!
HEY, BOSS! ROGERS HAS GOT THE HERD ON THE TRAIL NOW!
WELL, THAT SETTLES IT! NOW WE WILL REALLY FIGHT!
AND I PERSONALLY WANT TO TAKE CARE OF THAT ROGERS!
BUT, BOSS, YOU CAN'T LET THEM SEE YOU!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? NONE OF THEM ARE COMING OUT OF THIS ALIVE!
THEN WE'RE GOING TO FINISH IT FOR GOOD THIS TIME, EH?
RIGHT! BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO SLIP-UPS, TELL THE SHERIFF TO FAKE UP A MURDER WARRANT AGAINST ROGERS, THEN ROUND UP THE REST OF THE BOYS.
OKAY, BOSS!
LATER IN THE DAY THE BOSS FINISHES TELLING HIS PLANS TO HIS GANG.
—AND REMEMBER, NO SLIP-UPS ON THIS JOB! YOU ALL KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO—WE RIDE IN AN HOUR.
MEANWHILE, SOME MILES AWAY, ROY PREPARES TO MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.

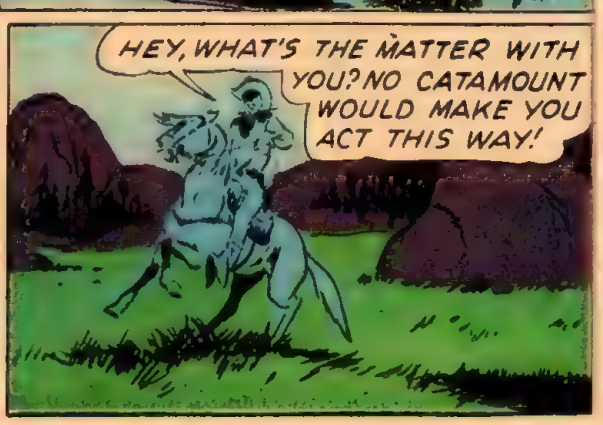

PETE, SHEPPIE, AND I WILL RIDE NIGHT HERD. YOU OTHERS GET SOME SLEEP—BUT KEEP YOUR GUNS HANDY.

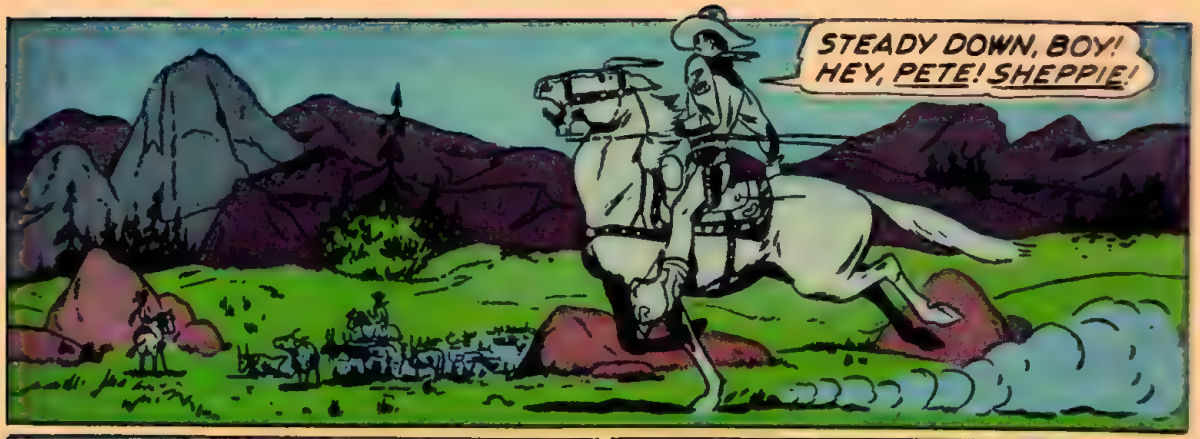

I DON'T RECKON WE'LL HAVE MUCH TROUBLE WITH THE HERD—WE PUSHED THEM PURTY HARD TODAY—BUT KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED ANYWAY.

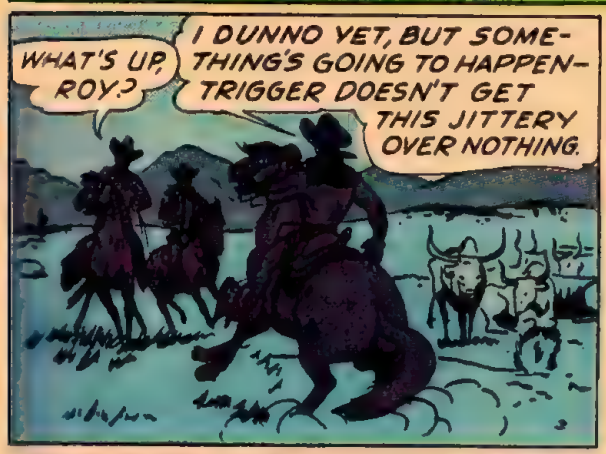
RECKON WE'LL JUST HAVE A QUIET WAIT, TRIGGER.

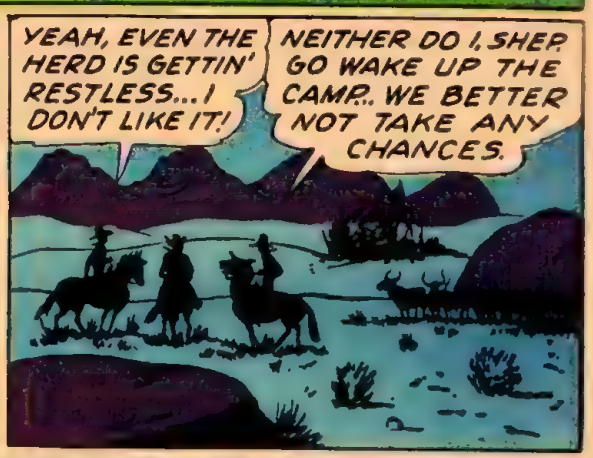
BUT NOT FAR AWAY A GROUP OF SILENT HORSEMEN MOVE ALONG A MOUNTAIN TRAIL AND A CATAMOUNT SENDS HIS PIERCING SCREAM INTO THE NIGHT.


STEADY, TRIGGER, YOU'VE HEARD A MOUNTAIN LION SCREAM BEFORE.

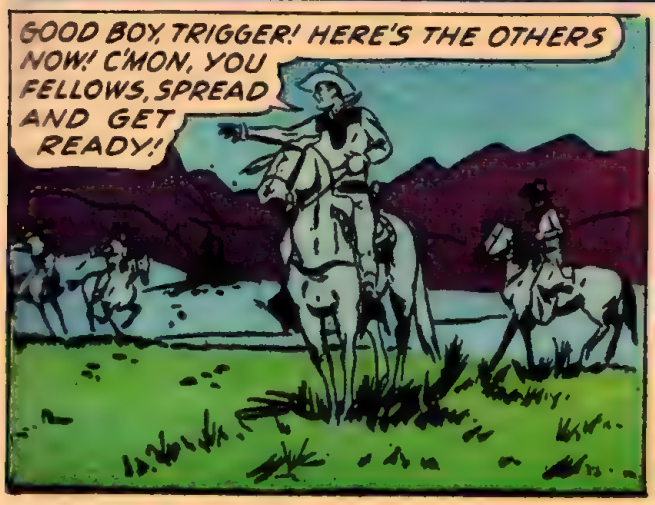

HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? NO CATAMOUNT WOULD MAKE YOU ACT THIS WAY!

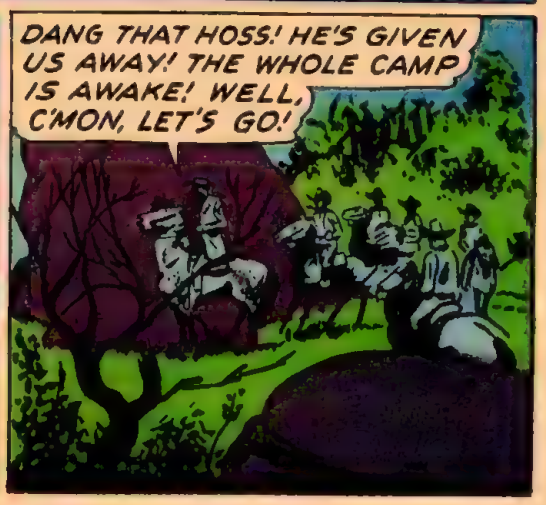

STEADY DOWN, BOY! HEY, PETE! SHEPPIE!


WHAT'S UP, ROY?
I DUNNO YET, BUT SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN— TRIGGER DOESN'T GET THIS JITTERY OVER NOTHING.

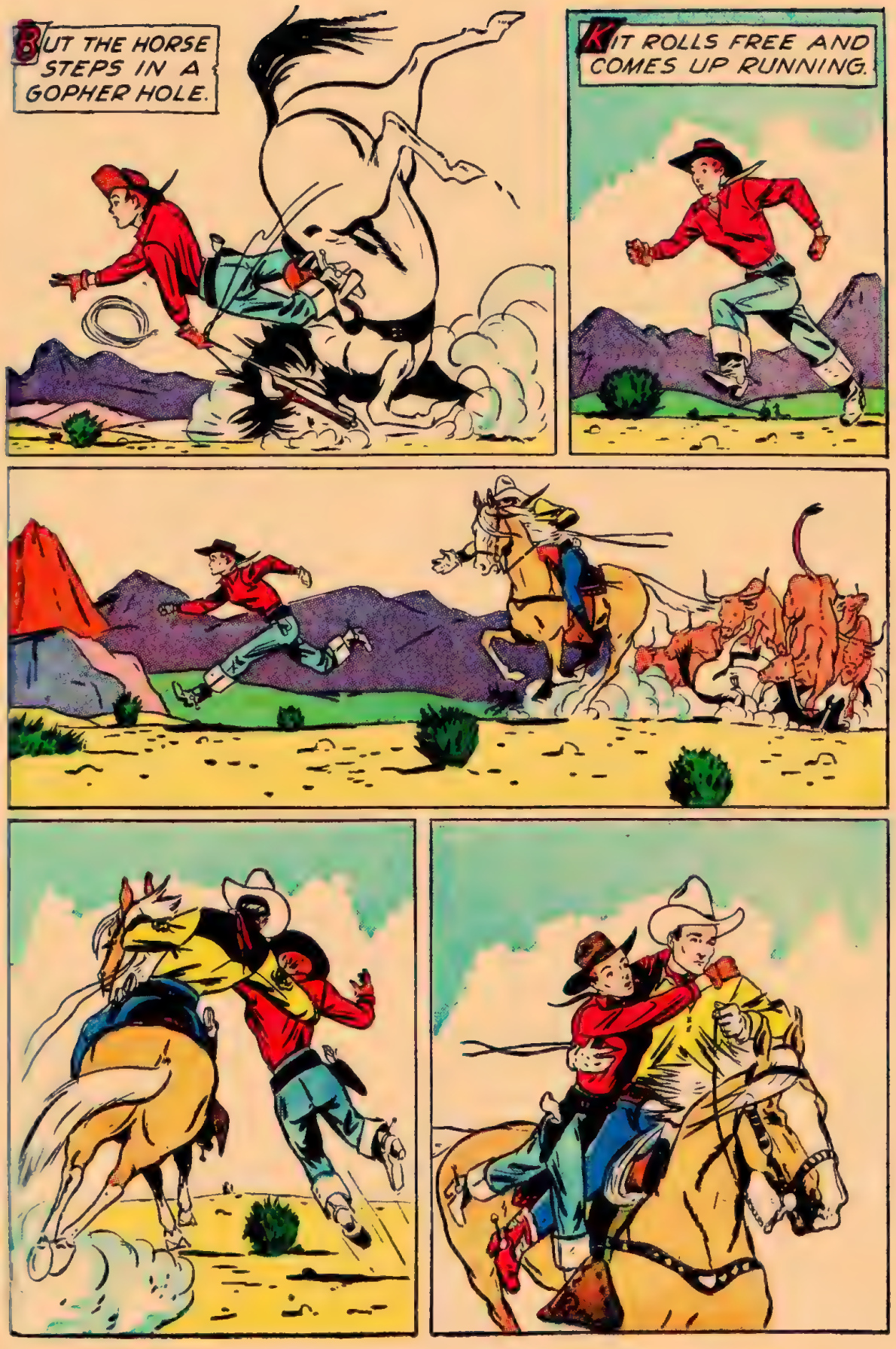

YEAH, EVEN THE HERD IS GETTIN' RESTLESS... I DON'T LIKE IT!
NEITHER DO I, SHEP. GO WAKE UP THE CAMP... WE BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES.

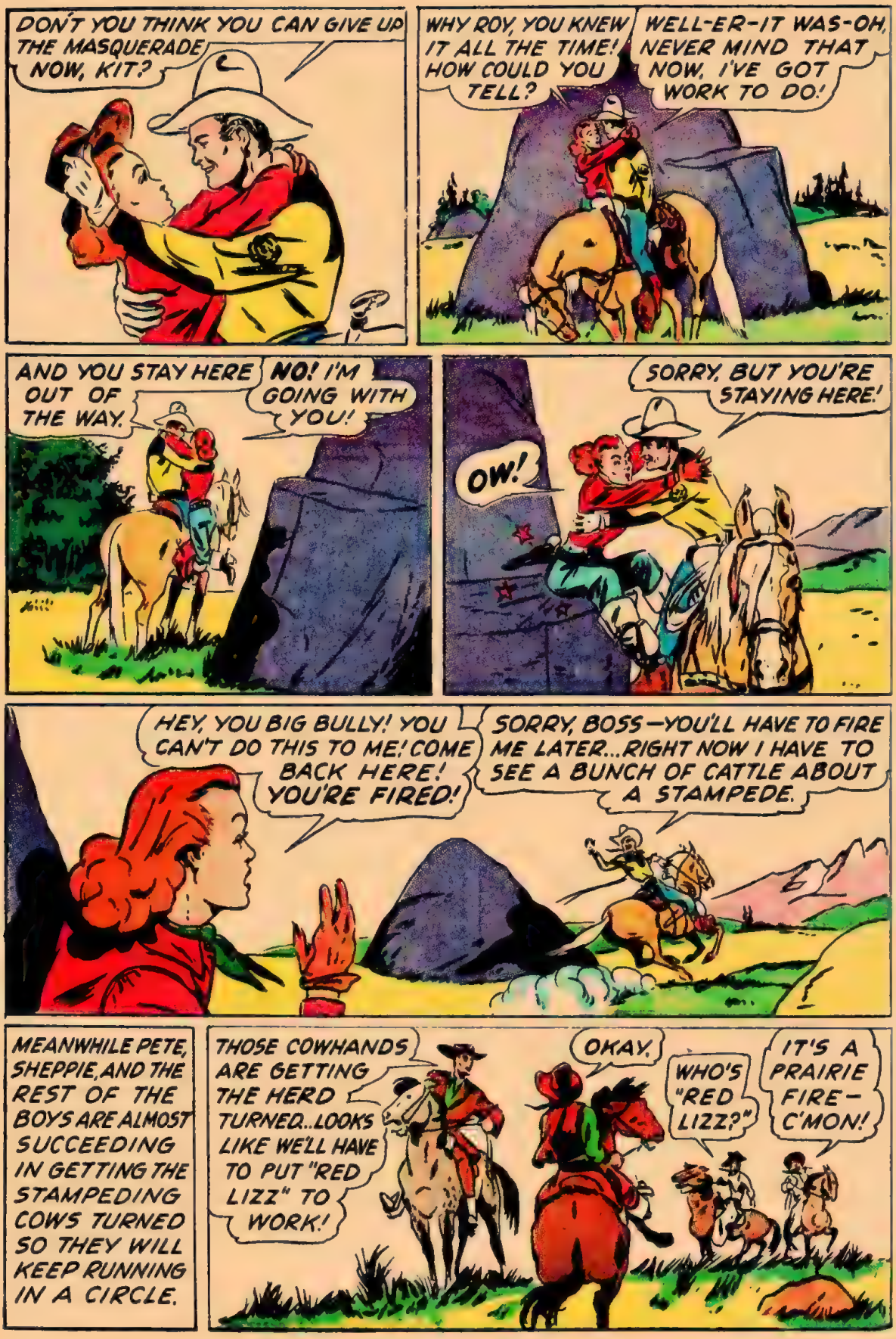
HERE, TRIGGER. QUIET, BOY!
WHEEEEEEEEE
HEY, ROY—DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOME HORSE OVER YONDER JUST ANSWERED TRIGGER!
WHEEEEEEEE


GOOD BOY, TRIGGER! HERE'S THE OTHERS NOW! C'MON, YOU FELLOWS, SPREAD AND GET READY!


DANG THAT HOSS! HE'S GIVEN US AWAY! THE WHOLE CAMP IS AWAKE! WELL, C'MON, LET'S GO!

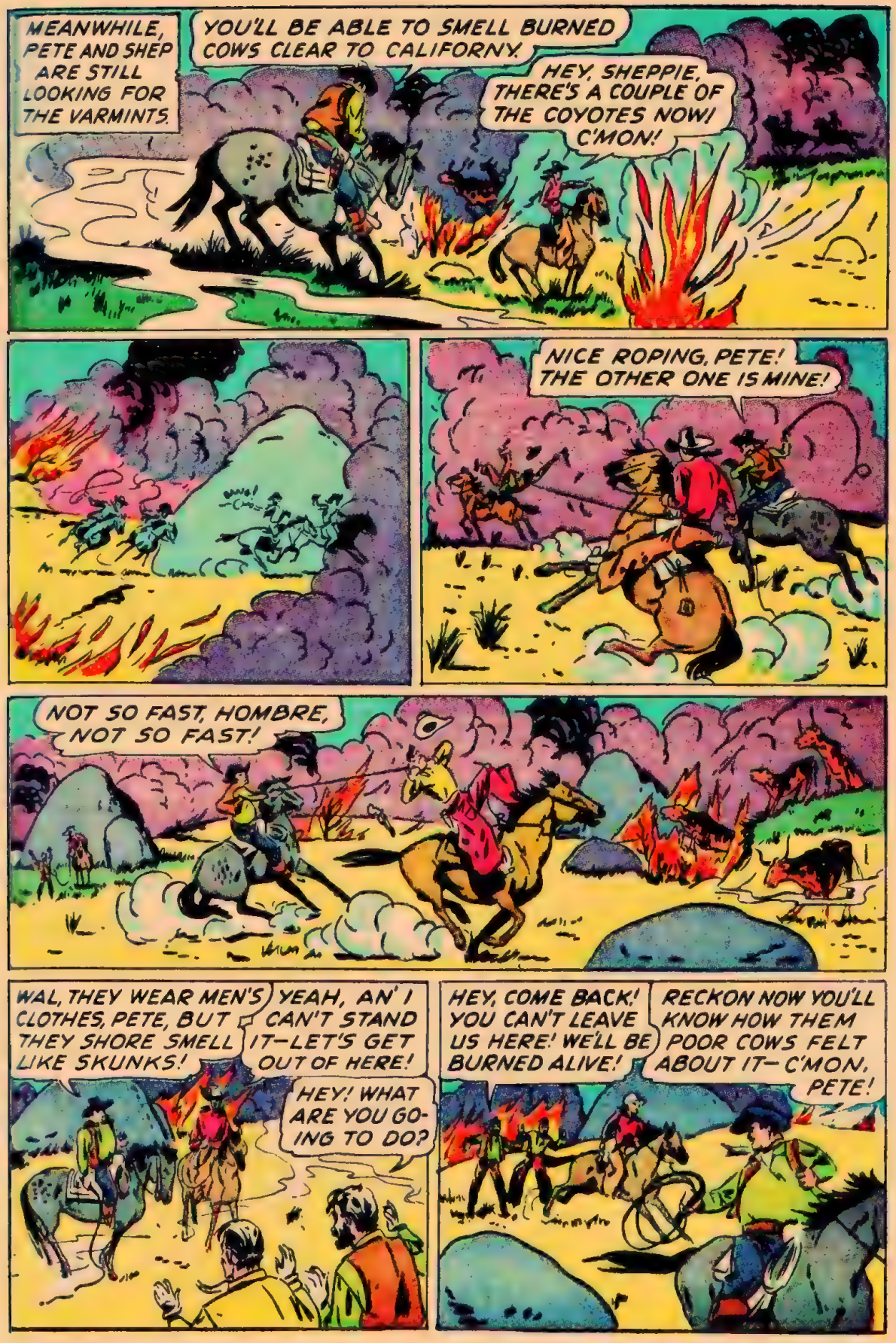
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
YIPPEE!
THEY'RE STAMPEDING THE HERD!
TURN 'EM! GET 'EM TURNED!
YIP-YIP! HO!
KIT! DON'T GET IN FRONT OF 'EM! KIT! GET BACK!
CRACK!
HUP! YIP-YIP!
KIT REALIZES THE MISTAKE TOO LATE...CAUGHT IN FRONT OF THE THUNDERING HERD SHE WHEELS HER HORSE AND TRIES TO RUN FOR IT.
KIT! PULL OVER!

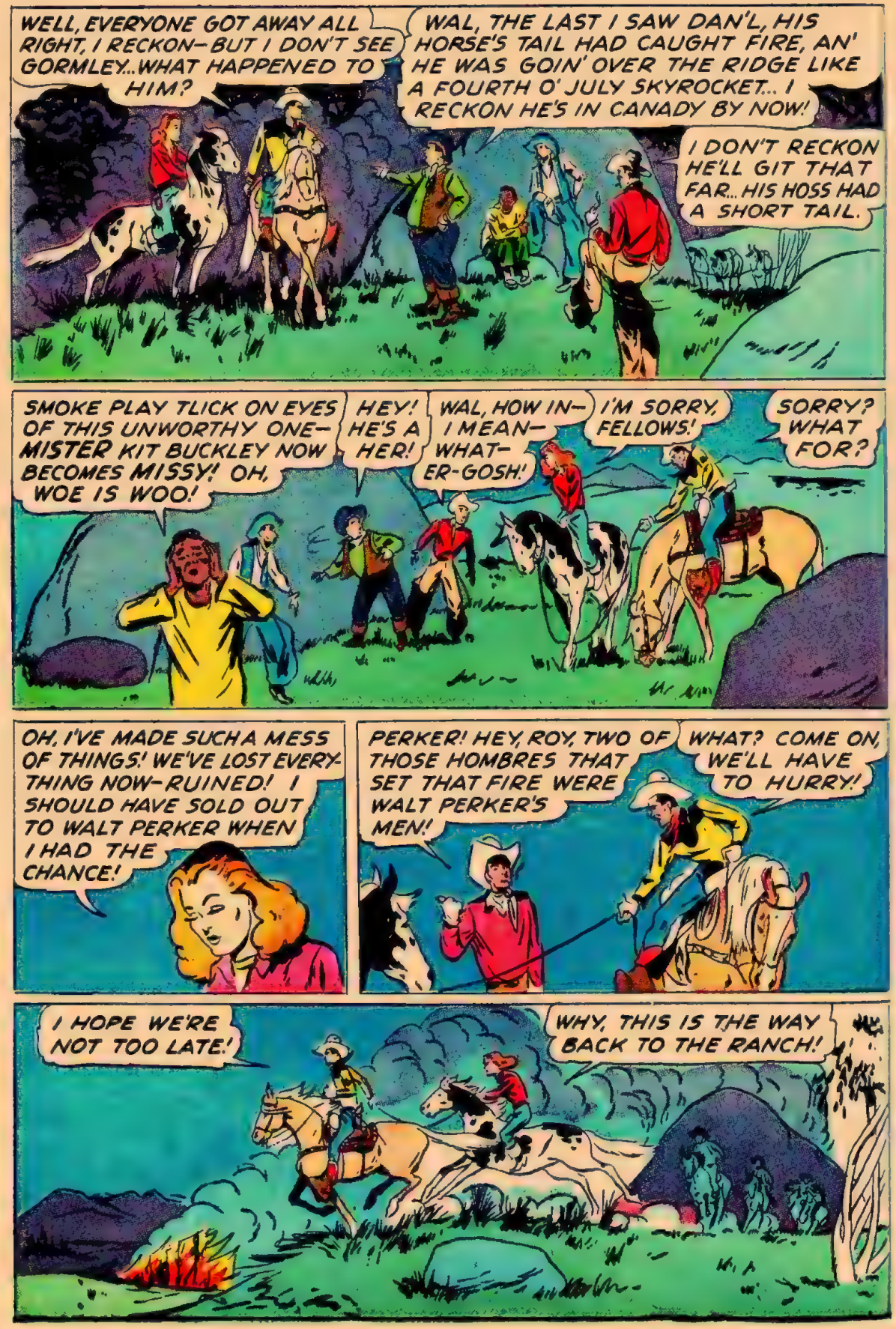

BUT THE HORSE STEPS IN A GOPHER HOLE.
KIT ROLLS FREE AND COMES UP RUNNING.

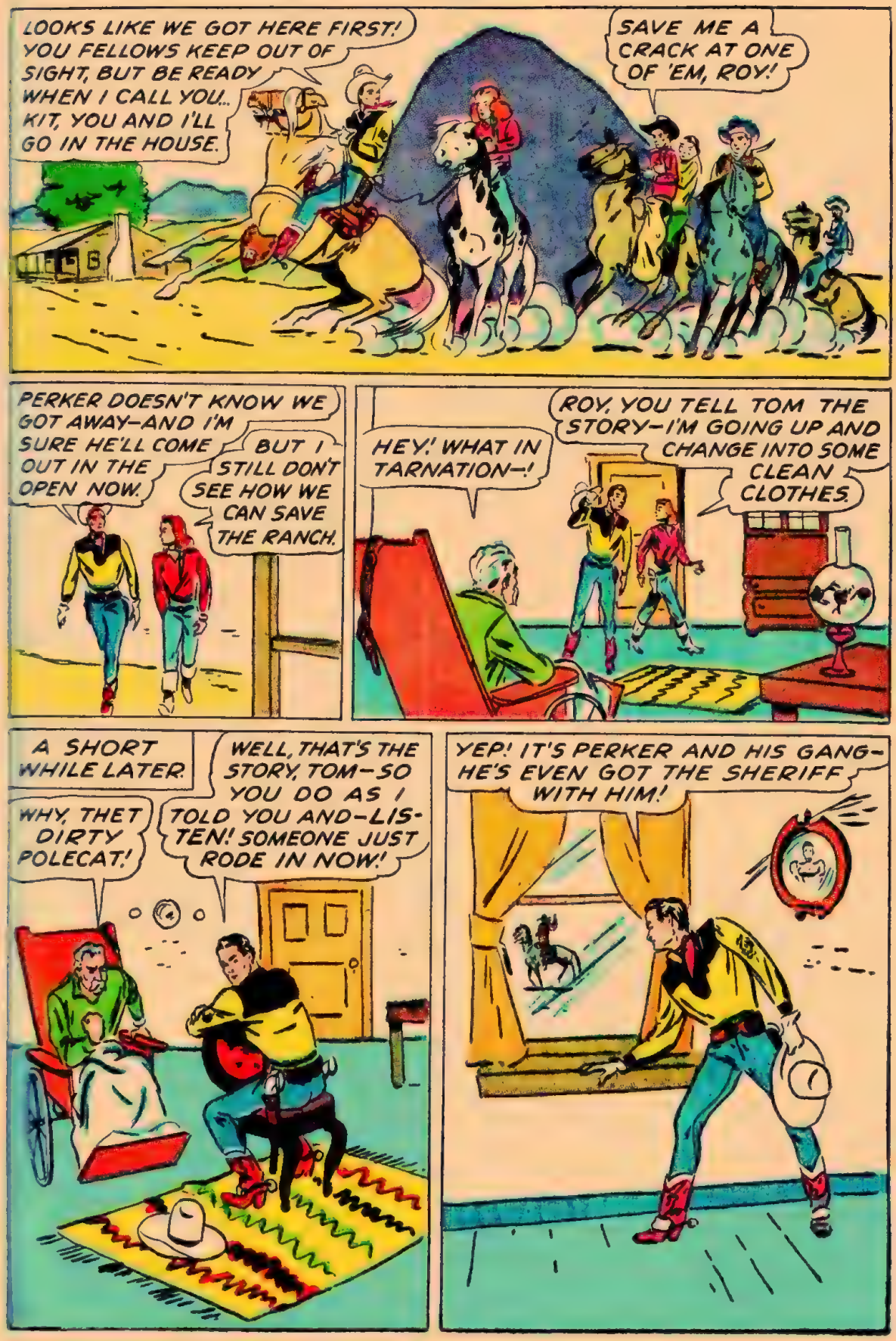

DON'T YOU THINK YOU CAN GIVE UP THE MASQUERADE NOW, KIT?
WHY ROY, YOU KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! HOW COULD YOU TELL?
WELL-ER-IT WAS-OH, NEVER MIND THAT NOW, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
AND YOU STAY HERE OUT OF THE WAY.
NO! I'M GOING WITH YOU!
OW!
SORRY, BUT YOU'RE STAYING HERE!
HEY, YOU BIG BULLY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! COME BACK HERE! YOU'RE FIRED!
SORRY, BOSS—YOU'LL HAVE TO FIRE ME LATER...RIGHT NOW I HAVE TO SEE A BUNCH OF CATTLE ABOUT A STAMPEDE.
MEANWHILE PETE, SHEPPIE, AND THE REST OF THE BOYS ARE ALMOST SUCCEEDING IN GETTING THE STAMPEDING COWS TURNED SO THEY WILL KEEP RUNNING IN A CIRCLE.
THOSE COWHANDS ARE GETTING THE HERD TURNED...LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO PUT "RED LIZZ" TO WORK!
OKAY.
WHO'S "RED LIZZ?"
IT'S A PRAIRIE FIRE—C'MON!

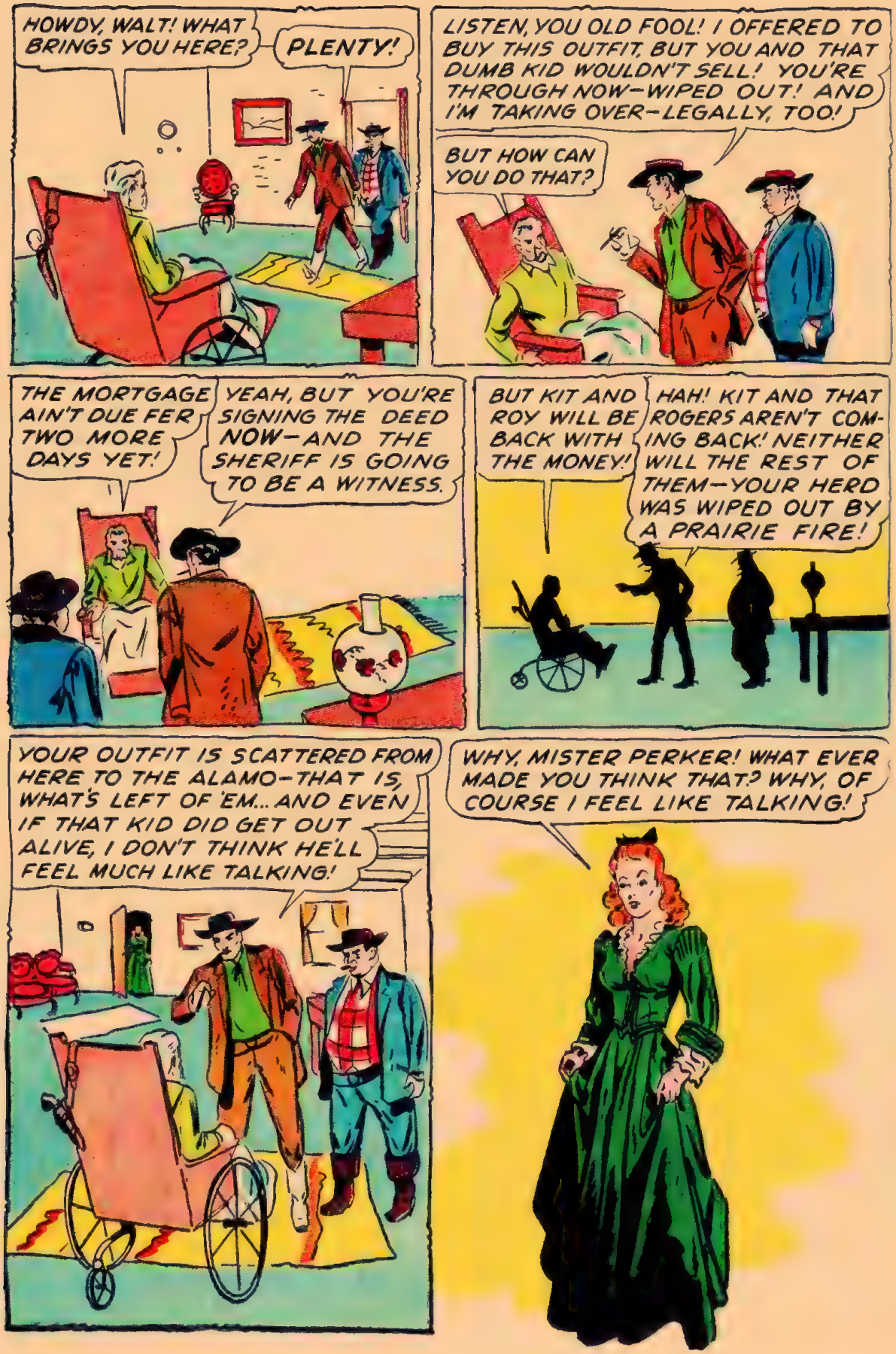
NICE GOING, FELLOWS! IF WE CAN KEEP 'EM MILLING WE'VE GOT 'EM LICKED!
HEY, ROY—LOOK! PRAIRIE FIRE!
THE GREATEST FEAR OF ALL CATTLEMEN, A PRAIRIE FIRE, IS STARTED BY WALT PERKER AND HIS MEN. FANNED BY A HIGH BREEZE THE GREEDY FLAMES BEGIN THEIR MAD DASH THROUGH THE DRY GRASS, DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH.
OKAY, FELLOWS, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE PRONTO! THIS PLACE WILL BE AN INFERNO IN TWO MINUTES!
IT'S NO USE, ROY, WE'LL NEVER HOLD 'EM NOW!
I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT... I'LL GET KIT AN'—HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?
I'M FIGGERIN' ON GETTIN' A COUPLE O' DANGED VARMINTS THAT STARTED THIS MESS!
HOLD ON, PETE! YOU AIN'T GONNA HAVE ALL THAT FUN WITHOUT ME!

COME ON, TRIGGER, OL' BOY, WE'VE GOT TO SAVE KIT!
HEY, KIT— GET READY AN' JUMP!
OH, ROY! WE'VE LOST THE WHOLE HERD!
NOT YET.. MOST OF THE HERD WILL ESCAPE, BUT IT WILL TAKE WEEKS TO ROUND 'EM UP AGAIN.
BUT THAT WILL BE TOO LATE! OH, WHO COULD HAVE BEEN SO LOW AND NASTY AS TO DO A TRICK LIKE THIS?
I RECKON WE'LL FIND OUT RIGHT SOON, KIT, AND WHEN WE DO— WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT NOW.

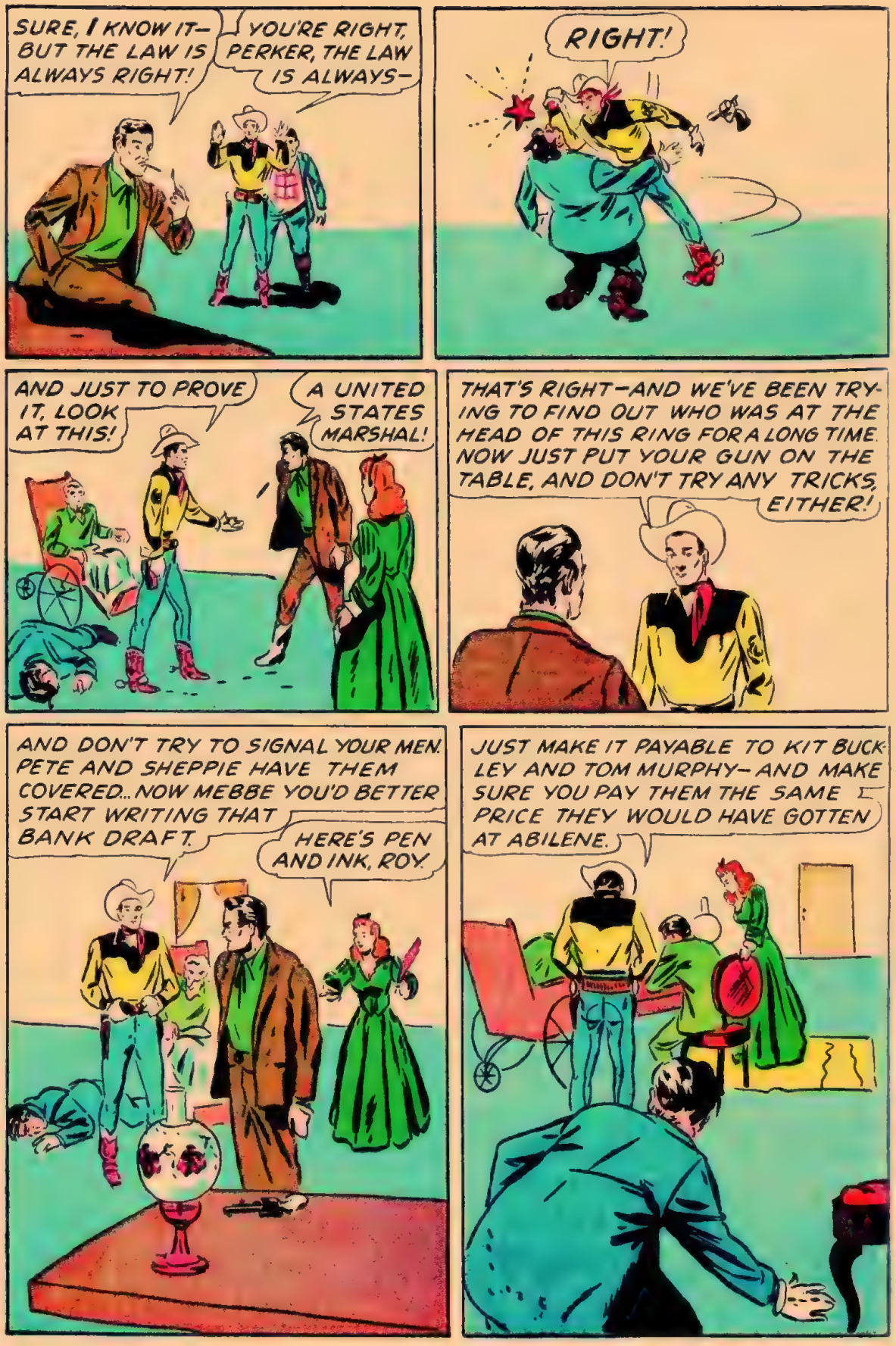

MEANWHILE, PETE AND SHEP ARE STILL LOOKING FOR THE VARMINTS.
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SMELL BURNED COWS CLEAR TO CALIFORNY.
HEY, SHEPPIE, THERE'S A COUPLE OF THE COYOTES NOW! C'MON!
NICE ROPING, PETE! THE OTHER ONE IS MINE!
NOT SO FAST, HOMBRE, NOT SO FAST!
WAL, THEY WEAR MEN'S CLOTHES, PETE, BUT THEY SHORE SMELL LIKE SKUNKS!
YEAH, AN' I CAN'T STAND IT—LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
HEY, COME BACK! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US HERE! WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!
RECKON NOW YOU'LL KNOW HOW THEM POOR COWS FELT ABOUT IT— C'MON, PETE!


WELL, EVERYONE GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT, I RECKON—BUT I DON'T SEE GORMLEY...WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
WAL, THE LAST I SAW DAN'L, HIS HORSE'S TAIL HAD CAUGHT FIRE, AN' HE WAS GOIN' OVER THE RIDGE LIKE A FOURTH O' JULY SKYROCKET... I RECKON HE'S IN CANADY BY NOW!
I DON'T RECKON HE'LL GIT THAT FAR... HIS HOSS HAD A SHORT TAIL.
SMOKE PLAY TLICK ON EYES OF THIS UNWORTHY ONE— MISTER KIT BUCKLEY NOW BECOMES MISSY! OH, WOE IS WOO!
HEY! HE'S A HER!
WAL, HOW IN— I MEAN— WHAT— ER-GOSH!
I'M SORRY, FELLOWS!
SORRY? WHAT FOR?
OH, I'VE MADE SUCHA MESS OF THINGS! WE'VE LOST EVERY-THING NOW—RUINED! I SHOULD HAVE SOLD OUT TO WALT PERKER WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!
PERKER! HEY, ROY, TWO OF THOSE HOMBRES THAT SET THAT FIRE WERE WALT PERKER'S MEN!
WHAT? COME ON, WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!
I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
WHY, THIS IS THE WAY BACK TO THE RANCH!


LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE FIRST! YOU FELLOWS KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, BUT BE READY WHEN I CALL YOU.. KIT, YOU AND I'LL GO IN THE HOUSE.
SAVE ME A CRACK AT ONE OF 'EM, ROY!
PERKER DOESN'T KNOW WE GOT AWAY–AND I'M SURE HE'LL COME OUT IN THE OPEN NOW.
BUT I STILL DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN SAVE THE RANCH.
HEY! WHAT IN TARNATION–!
ROY, YOU TELL TOM THE STORY–I'M GOING UP AND CHANGE INTO SOME CLEAN CLOTHES.
A SHORT WHILE LATER.
WELL, THAT'S THE STORY, TOM–SO YOU DO AS I TOLD YOU AND–LISTEN! SOMEONE JUST RODE IN NOW!
WHY, THET DIRTY POLECAT!
YEP! IT'S PERKER AND HIS GANG–HE'S EVEN GOT THE SHERIFF WITH HIM!


HOWDY, WALT! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
PLENTY!
LISTEN, YOU OLD FOOL! I OFFERED TO BUY THIS OUTFIT, BUT YOU AND THAT DUMB KID WOULDN'T SELL! YOU'RE THROUGH NOW—WIPED OUT! AND I'M TAKING OVER—LEGALLY, TOO!
BUT HOW CAN YOU DO THAT?
THE MORTGAGE AIN'T DUE FER TWO MORE DAYS YET!
YEAH, BUT YOU'RE SIGNING THE DEED NOW—AND THE SHERIFF IS GOING TO BE A WITNESS.
BUT KIT AND ROY WILL BE BACK WITH THE MONEY!
HAH! KIT AND THAT ROGERS AREN'T COMING BACK! NEITHER WILL THE REST OF THEM—YOUR HERD WAS WIPED OUT BY A PRAIRIE FIRE!
YOUR OUTFIT IS SCATTERED FROM HERE TO THE ALAMO—THAT IS, WHAT'S LEFT OF 'EM... AND EVEN IF THAT KID DID GET OUT ALIVE, I DON'T THINK HE'LL FEEL MUCH LIKE TALKING!
WHY, MISTER PERKER! WHAT EVER MADE YOU THINK THAT? WHY, OF COURSE I FEEL LIKE TALKING!

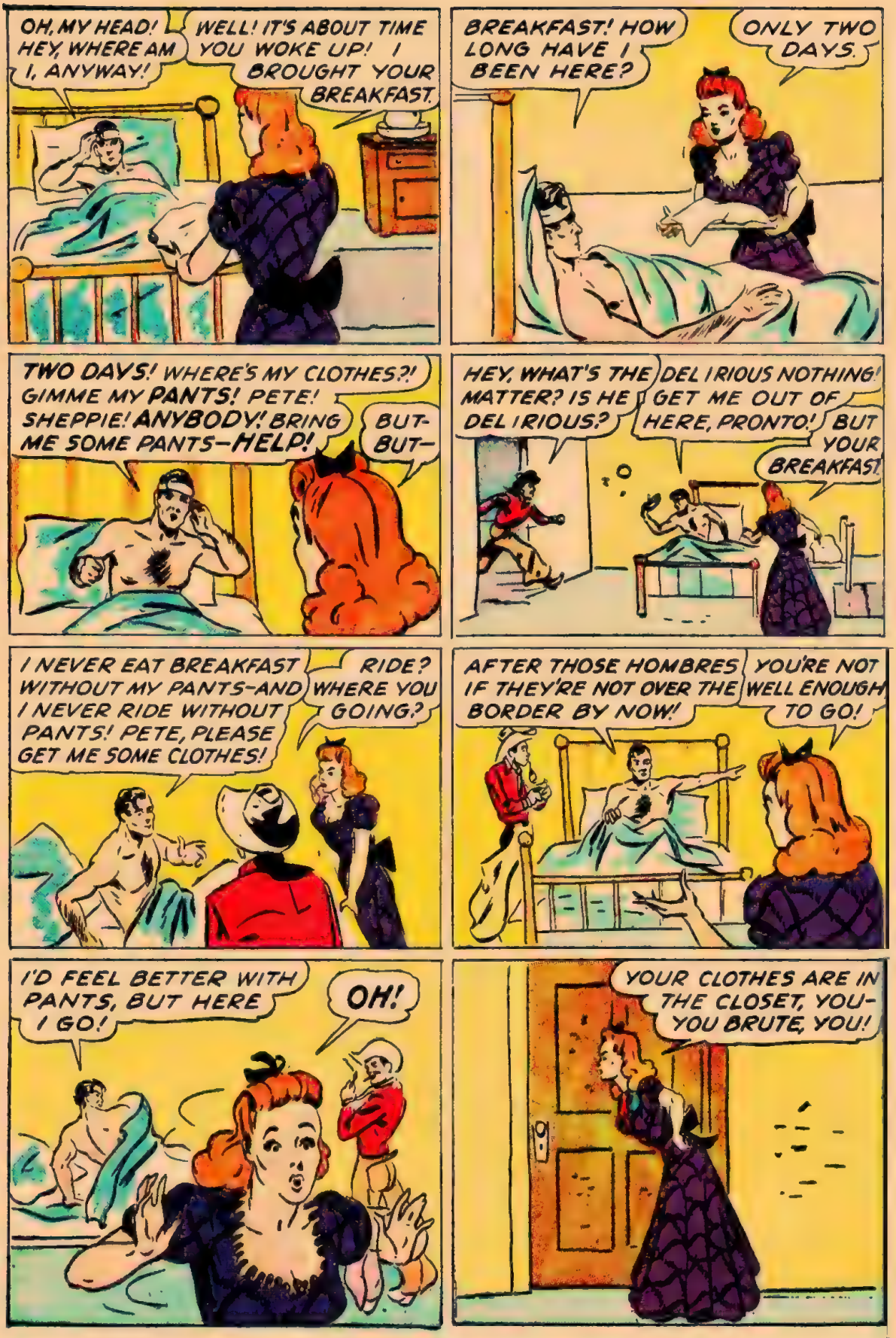
HUH? GULP-ER-WHO ARE YOU?
WHY, I'M KIT BUCKLEY, DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
BUT-THAT IS-I THOUGHT YOU-
YOU MEAN YOU THOUGHT I WAS KILLED IN THE PRAIRIE FIRE?
WHY, HEAVEN FORBID SUCH A CATASTROPHE TO ONE SO BEAUTIFUL AS YOU, MISS BUCKLEY!
THANK YOU, BUT WHAT WERE YOU SAYING TO TOM ABOUT THE RANCH?
OH YES, THE RANCH-I DID HAVE AN IDEA ABOUT HELPING OLD TOM-BUT NOW I'M GOING TO CHANGE MY PLANS A LITTLE-AFTER SEEING YOU!
THAT'S VERY TRUE, PERKER!
YOU'RE GOING TO CHANGE YOUR PLANS PLENTY!
MEANING WHAT, ROGERS?
MEANING THAT YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE A BANK DRAFT FOR THOSE CATTLE YOU BURNED OUT... THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THE FIRE WAS TO BE THERE OR HAVE YOUR MEN DO IT.. I RECKON YOU BETTER START WRITING!
NOT SO FAST, ROGERS! I HAVE A WARRANT HERE AGAINST YOU... YOU MURDERED LEFTY IN COLD BLOOD AND WE'VE GOT TWO WITNESSES WHO SAW YOU AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU, PERKER?
WHY, YOU COYOTE, HE NEVER KILLED LEFTY, AND YOU KNOW IT!

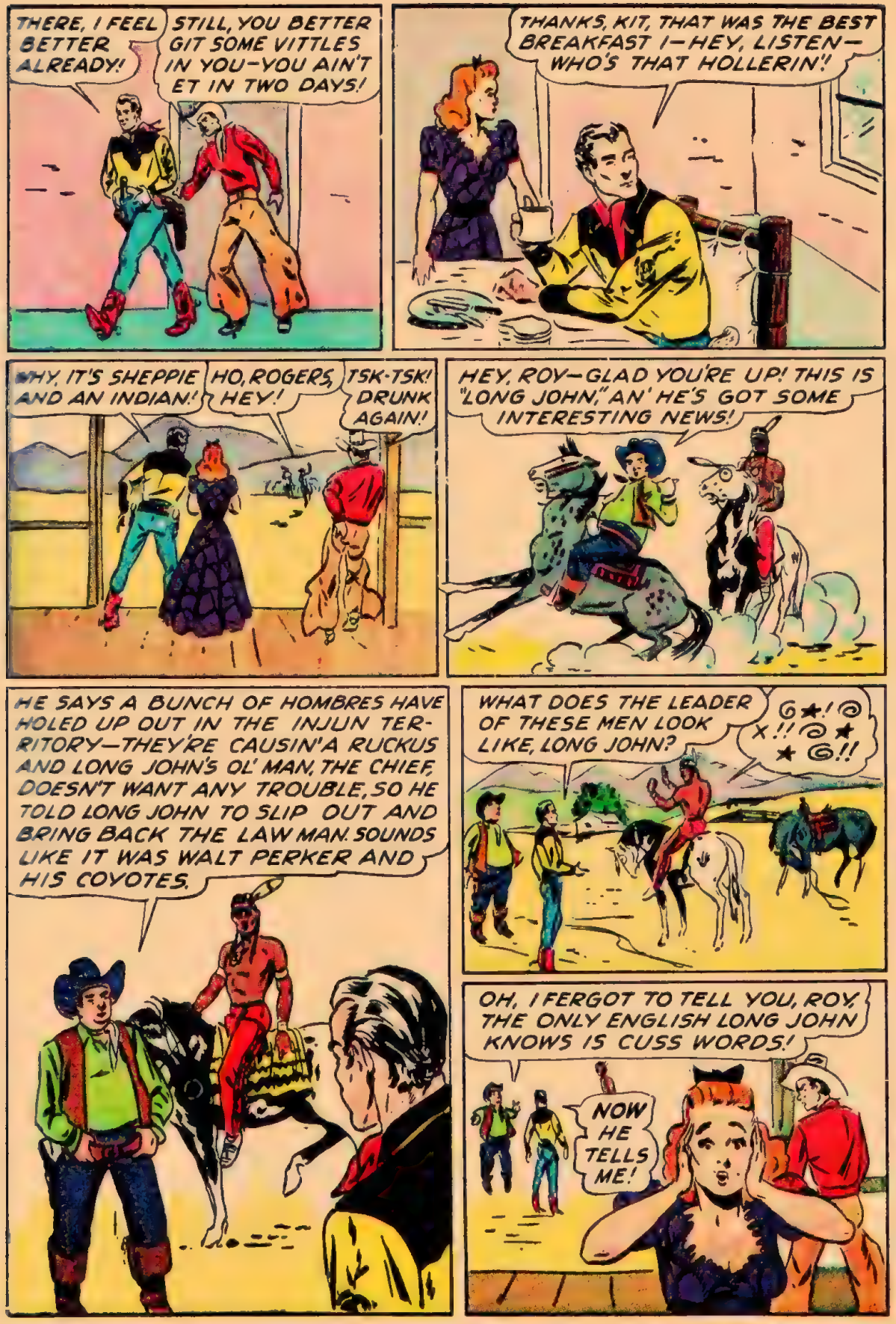

SURE, I KNOW IT— BUT THE LAW IS ALWAYS RIGHT!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PERKER, THE LAW IS ALWAYS—
RIGHT!
AND JUST TO PROVE IT, LOOK AT THIS!
A UNITED STATES MARSHAL!
THAT'S RIGHT—AND WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO WAS AT THE HEAD OF THIS RING FOR A LONG TIME. NOW JUST PUT YOUR GUN ON THE TABLE, AND DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, EITHER!
AND DON'T TRY TO SIGNAL YOUR MEN. PETE AND SHEPPIE HAVE THEM COVERED... NOW MEBBE YOU'D BETTER START WRITING THAT BANK DRAFT.
HERE'S PEN AND INK, ROY.
JUST MAKE IT PAYABLE TO KIT BUCKLEY AND TOM MURPHY— AND MAKE SURE YOU PAY THEM THE SAME PRICE THEY WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AT ABILENE.

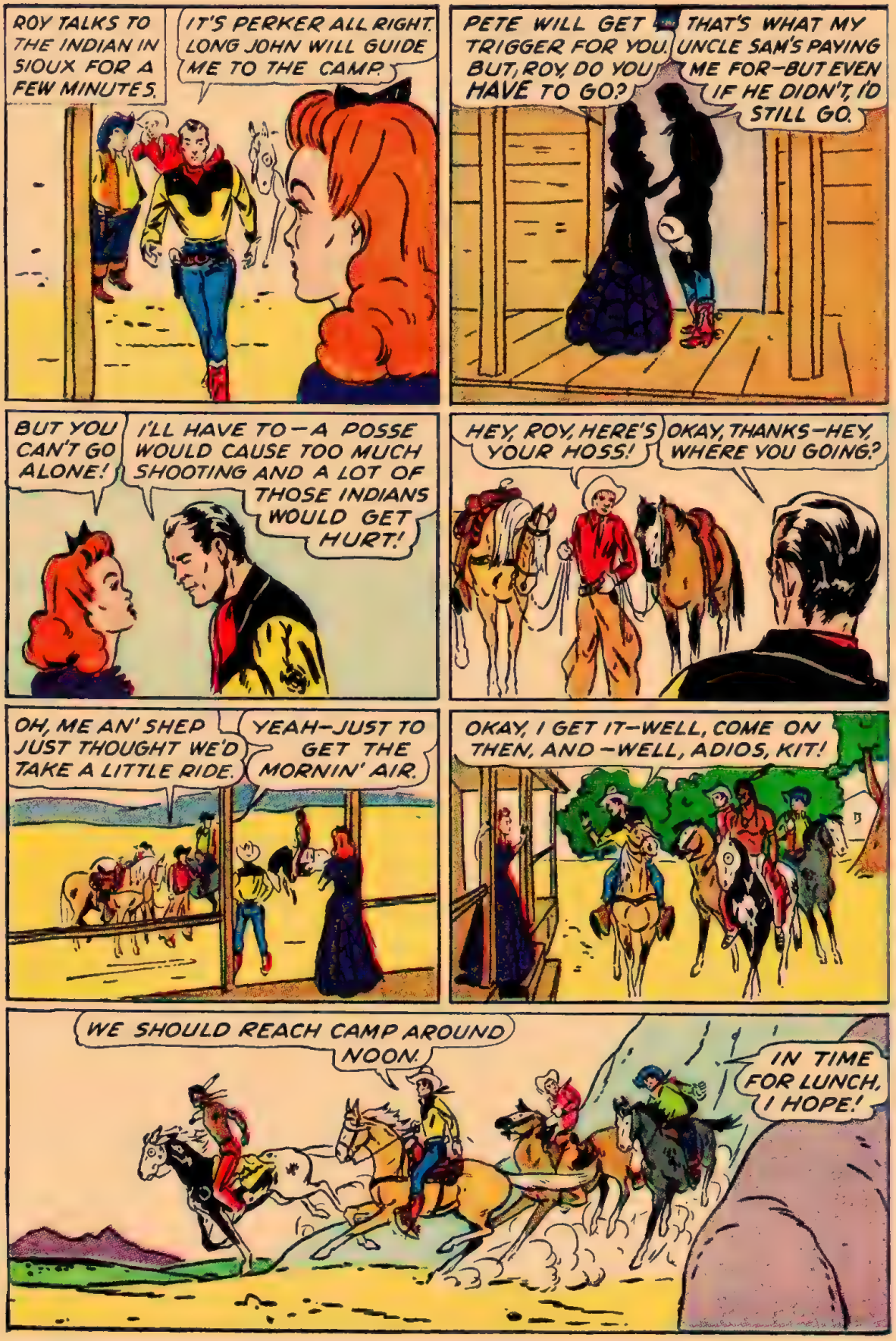
ROY! LOOK OUT!
UNNOTICED BY THE OTHERS, PERKER SNEAKS OUT A DERRINGER.

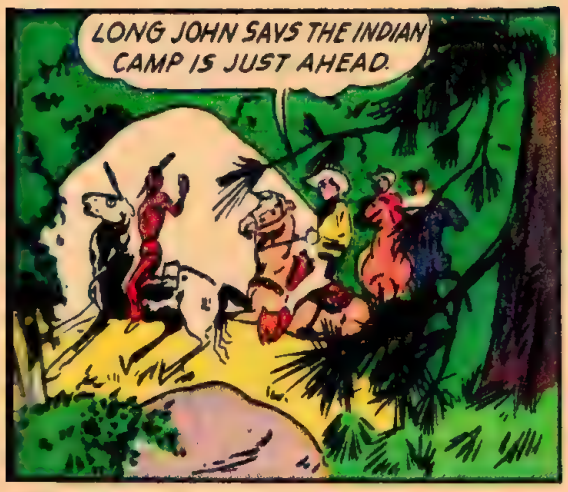
BANG!
WHY, YOU DIRTY @*! POLECAT! GIT AWAY, KIT, TILL I BLAST HIS YALLA HIDE!
TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL, WALT—I'LL FIX THIS OLD GOAT!
WHY, YOU—
YOU SURE GOTTA SHOOT FASTER'N THAT TO GIT THIS OL' GOAT!
BANG!
KIT—GIT OUT OF THE WAY, QUICK! HE'S GOING FOR THE WINDOW!

CRASH!
C'MON, RIDE!
BANG!
BANG!
I DON'T RECKON THEY'LL BE COMIN' BACK THIS WAY SOON!
I RECKON NOT... COME—LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED INSIDE.
HEY, GIT IN HEAH AND LEND A HAND! GIT SOME WATER AND BANDAGES—C'MON, STIR YORE STUMPS!
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! THANK GOODNESS IT'S ONLY A SCALP WOUND!


OH, MY HEAD! HEY, WHERE AM I, ANYWAY!
WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU WOKE UP! I BROUGHT YOUR BREAKFAST.
BREAKFAST! HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE?
ONLY TWO DAYS.
TWO DAYS! WHERE'S MY CLOTHES?! GIMME MY PANTS! PETE! SHEPPIE! ANYBODY! BRING ME SOME PANTS—HELP!
BUT- BUT—
HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS HE DELIRIOUS?
DELIRIOUS NOTHING! GET ME OUT OF HERE, PRONTO!
BUT YOUR BREAKFAST!
I NEVER EAT BREAKFAST WITHOUT MY PANTS-AND I NEVER RIDE WITHOUT PANTS! PETE, PLEASE GET ME SOME CLOTHES!
RIDE? WHERE YOU GOING?
AFTER THOSE HOMBRES IF THEY'RE NOT OVER THE BORDER BY NOW!
YOU'RE NOT WELL ENOUGH TO GO!
I'D FEEL BETTER WITH PANTS, BUT HERE I GO!
OH!
YOUR CLOTHES ARE IN THE CLOSET, YOU- YOU BRUTE, YOU!

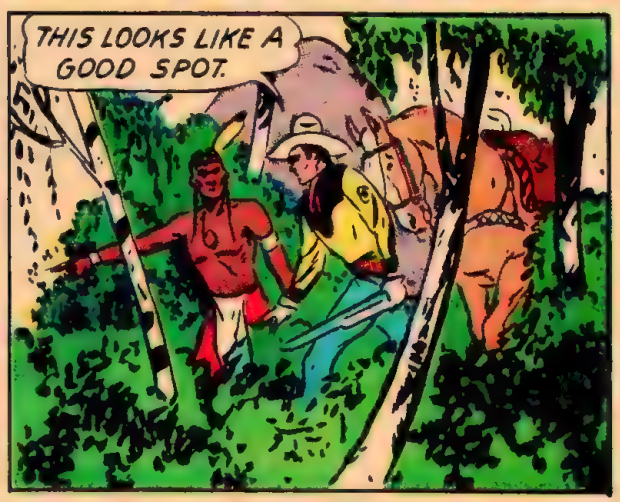

THERE, I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
STILL, YOU BETTER GIT SOME VITTLES IN YOU—YOU AIN'T ET IN TWO DAYS!
THANKS, KIT, THAT WAS THE BEST BREAKFAST I—HEY, LISTEN—WHO'S THAT HOLLERIN'!
WHY, IT'S SHEPPIE AND AN INDIAN!
HO, ROGERS, HEY!
TSK-TSK! DRUNK AGAIN!
HEY, ROY—GLAD YOU'RE UP! THIS IS "LONG JOHN," AN' HE'S GOT SOME INTERESTING NEWS!
HE SAYS A BUNCH OF HOMBRES HAVE HOLED UP OUT IN THE INJUN TERRITORY—THEY'RE CAUSIN'A RUCKUS AND LONG JOHN'S OL' MAN, THE CHIEF, DOESN'T WANT ANY TROUBLE, SO HE TOLD LONG JOHN TO SLIP OUT AND BRING BACK THE LAW MAN. SOUNDS LIKE IT WAS WALT PERKER AND HIS COYOTES.
WHAT DOES THE LEADER OF THESE MEN LOOK LIKE, LONG JOHN?
OH, I FERGOT TO TELL YOU, ROY, THE ONLY ENGLISH LONG JOHN KNOWS IS CUSS WORDS!
NOW HE TELLS ME!


ROY TALKS TO THE INDIAN IN SIOUX FOR A FEW MINUTES.
IT'S PERKER ALL RIGHT. LONG JOHN WILL GUIDE ME TO THE CAMP.
PETE WILL GET TRIGGER FOR YOU. BUT, ROY, DO YOU HAVE TO GO?
THAT'S WHAT MY UNCLE SAM'S PAYING ME FOR—BUT EVEN IF HE DION'T, I'D STILL GO.
BUT YOU CAN'T GO ALONE!
I'LL HAVE TO—A POSSE WOULD CAUSE TOO MUCH SHOOTING AND A LOT OF THOSE INDIANS WOULD GET HURT!
HEY, ROY, HERE'S YOUR HOSS!
OKAY, THANKS—HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?
OH, ME AN' SHEP JUST THOUGHT WE'D TAKE A LITTLE RIDE.
YEAH—JUST TO GET THE MORNIN' AIR.
OKAY, I GET IT—WELL, COME ON THEN, AND—WELL, ADIOS, KIT!
WE SHOULD REACH CAMP AROUND NOON.
IN TIME FOR LUNCH, I HOPE!


LONG JOHN SAYS THE INDIAN CAMP IS JUST AHEAD.

THE CAMP SITS IN A HOLLOW. WE'LL SPREAD OUT IN A CIRCLE ABOVE THEM. IF PERKER REFUSES TO SURRENDER WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT. BUT PICK YOUR SHOTS! AND DON'T EXPOSE YOURSELVES!

YOU TWO TAKE THIS SIDE, LONG JOHN AND I WILL CIRCLE AROUND... WHEN WE GET SET, WE'LL SIGNAL WITH A BOB WHITE WHISTLE. GOOD LUCK!

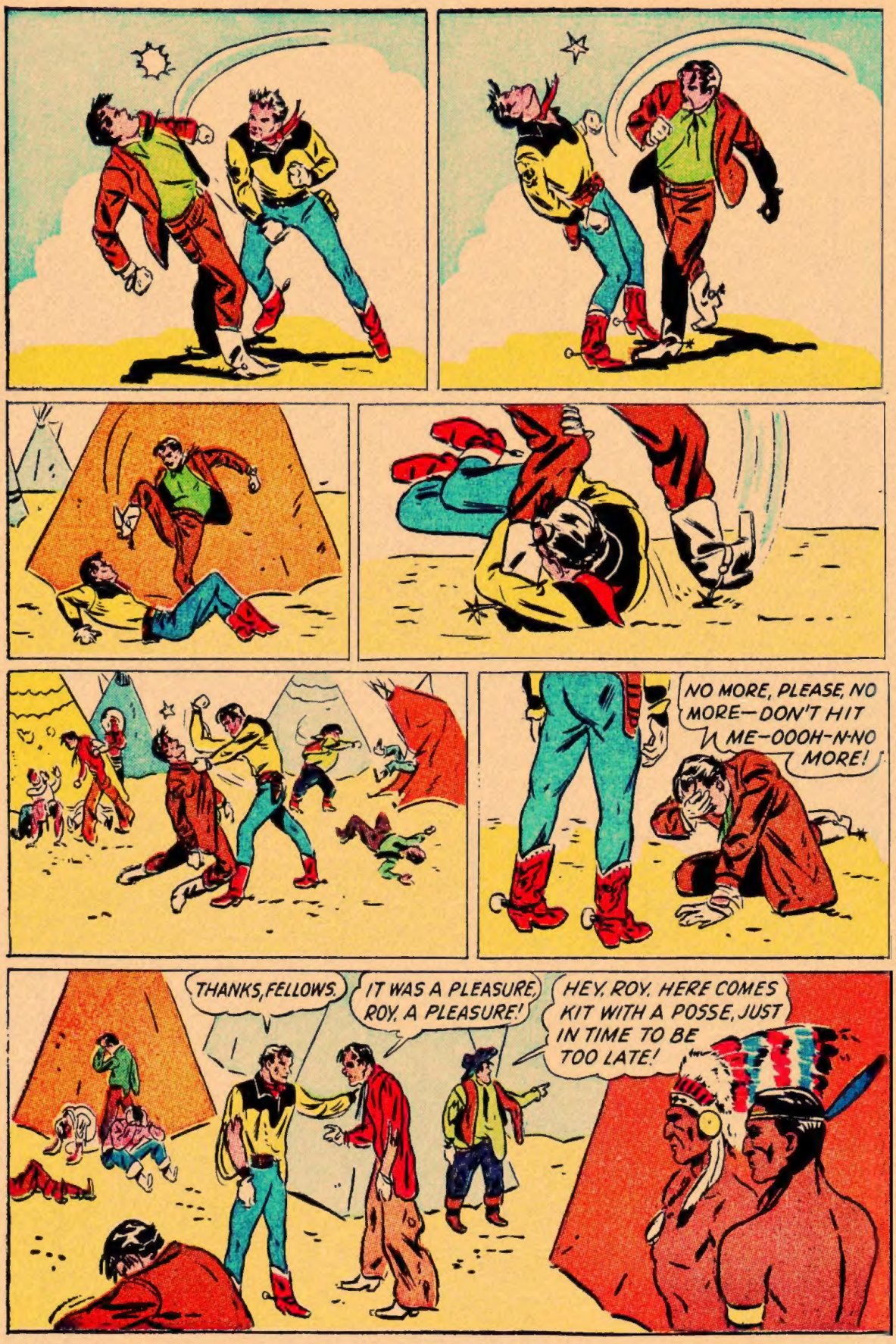

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT.

THERE'S PERKER RIGHT BELOW ME ARGUING WITH ONE OF THE CHIEFS.

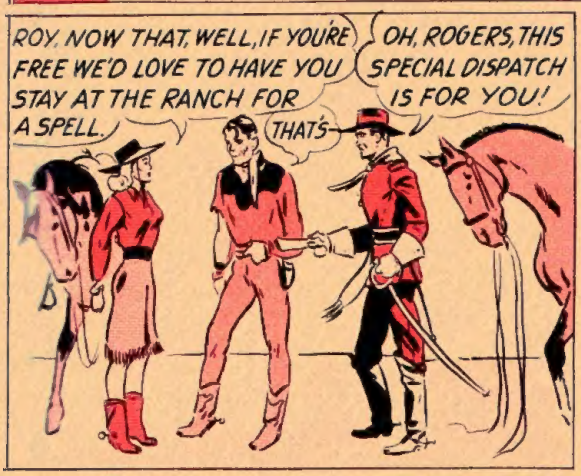
BUT THE LEDGE GIVES WAY UNDER ROY

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY SNOOPING FRIEND WITH THE TIN STAR! YOU'VE GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT, ROGERS, BUT YOUR LUCK HAS FINALLY RUN OUT. GRAB 'IM, BOYS!
DRAG HIM OUT HERE. WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH HIM MEBBE THESE REDSKINS WON'T HAVE SO MUCH RESPECT FOR A LAW MAN!
YOU RUINED EVERYTHING I PLANNED. NOW I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU TILL MY ARMS GET TIRED. THEN I'LL TRY KICKING YOU TILL MY BOOTS ARE MESSY!
I DARE YOU TO TRY IT, WITHOUT THESE MONKEYS HOLDING ME!
NONSENSE! IT'S LESS TIRING THIS WAY.
WE CAN'T SHOOT INTO THAT MOB. C'MON, SHEPPIE, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME "BRAWL-ROOM" TRICKS I LEARNED BACK IN SCRANTON!
OKAY, GROGAN, BUT I'LL BET THEY AIN'T AS GOOD AS THE ONES I LEARNED IN PASSAIC!
PARDON ME, BUT DO YOU HAVE A MATCH?
HUH? YEAH, SURE! HERE— HEY— UGH!

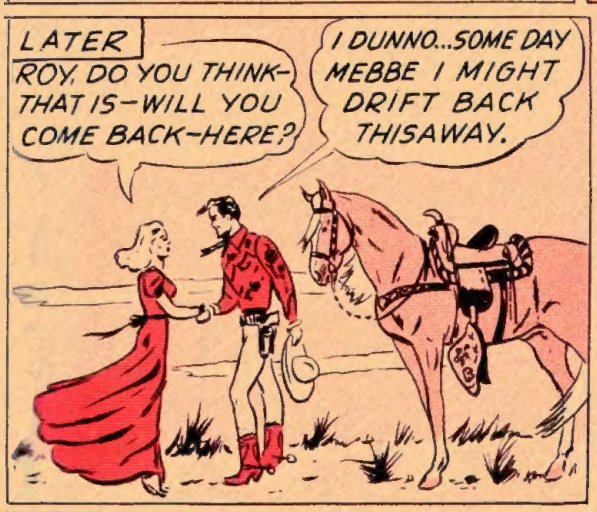
YOU CAN EASE UP AWHILE, BOSS, HE'S OUT!
YEAH. GET SOME WATER AND REVIVE HIM. I WANT HIM TO ENJOY THIS TOO!
OKAY, BOSS.
HEY! HE'S NOT OUT!
WHAT TH-
GRAB 'IM-
OOF!
BONG!
OKAY, PERKER, GET UP AND WE'LL BOTH ENJOY OURSELVES!
LAW MAN PLENTY BRAVE WARRIOR.
UGH!


NO MORE, PLEASE, NO MORE—DON'T HIT ME—OOOH-N-NO MORE!
THANKS, FELLOWS.
IT WAS A PLEASURE, ROY, A PLEASURE!
HEY, ROY, HERE COMES KIT WITH A POSSE, JUST IN TIME TO BE TOO LATE!

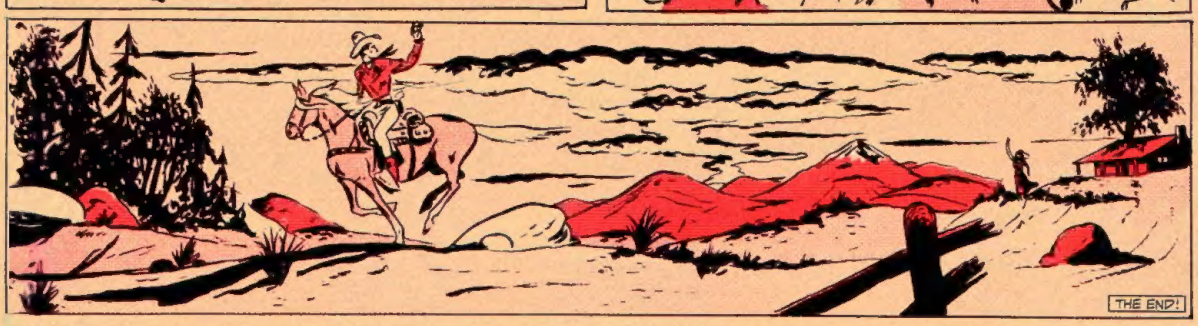
OH, ROY, I WAS WORRIED, SO I BROUGHT HELP...AND OH, YES, THIS IS LIEUTENANT CLAXTON. HE WAS LOOKING FOR YOU!
HOWDY, ROGERS! SORRY I MISSED THE PARTY
SAY, WE OUGHTA MAKE ROGERS SHERIFF.
SHERIFF! WE'LL MAKE HIM MAYOR!


ROY, NOW THAT, WELL, IF YOU'RE FREE WE'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU STAY AT THE RANCH FOR A SPELL.
OH, ROGERS, THIS SPECIAL DISPATCH IS FOR YOU!
THAT'S

WELL, KIT, THANKS JUST THE SAME FOR YOUR INVITATION, BUT I RECKON I CAN'T ACCEPT IT... SEEMS THERE'S A LITTLE RUCKUS OVER IN UTAH AND IT'S OUT OF ARMY JURISDICTION, SO— WELL, SHUCKS, I ALWAYS DID WANT TO SEE UTAH!


LATER
ROY, DO YOU THINK— THAT IS—WILL YOU COME BACK—HERE?
I DUNNO...SOME DAY MEBBE I MIGHT DRIFT BACK THISAWAY.

OH—WELL, GOOD-BYE, ROY. GOOD LUCK, AND GOOD-BYE, TRIGGER.
ADIOS, KIT! C'MON, YOU LUCKY HOSS!


THE END!